Uncle Wiggily's Journey

by

Howard R. Garis

Louie Morgan

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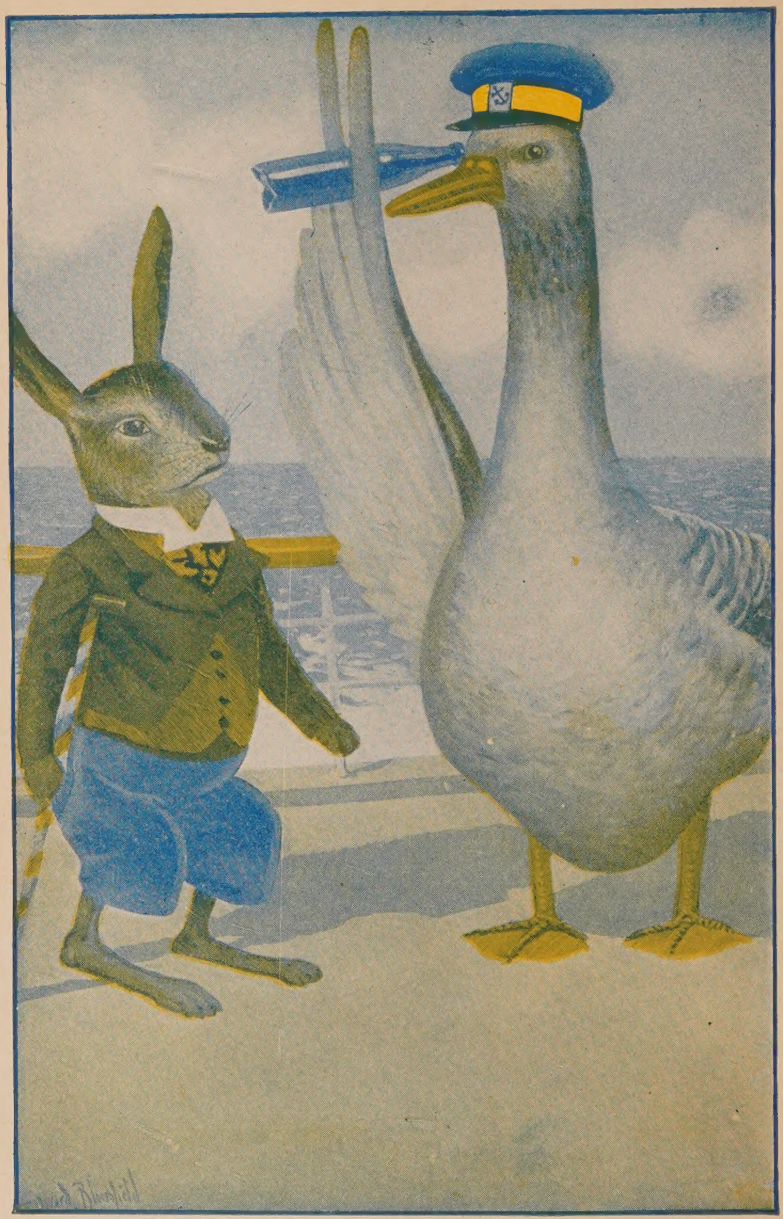

UNCLE WIGGILY'S JOURNEY

BY

HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of "Sammie and Susie Littletail," "Johnnie and Billie Bushytail," "Uncle Wiggily's Automobile," "Uncle Wiggily at the Seashore," "The Daddy Series," etc.

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CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Uncle Wiggily's Rheumatism	9
II	Uncle Wiggily and the Fire	20
III	Uncle Wiggily Saves Grandpa Goosey	28
IV	Uncle Wiggily is Shipwrecked	35
V	Uncle Wiggily on a Desert Island	43
VI	Uncle Wiggily and the Cocoanut Monkey	50
VII	Uncle Wiggily at the Peanut Party	57
VIII	Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's Boat	64
IX	Uncle Wiggily and the Baby Carriage	72
X	Uncle Wiggily in the Monkey's House	81
XI	Uncle Wiggily Falls Off	88
XII	Uncle Wiggily in a Tree	96
XIII	Uncle Wiggily and the Red Cave	105
XIV	Uncle Wiggily and the Goat Gentleman	111
XV	Uncle Wiggily and the Tea Party	119
XVI	Uncle Wiggily and the Ballot Box	125

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVII	Uncle Wiggily and the Rubber Band	132
XVIII	Uncle Wiggily and the Sewing Machine	139
XIX	Uncle Wiggily Plays Ball	146
XX	Uncle Wiggily and the Drum Fish	153
XXI	Uncle Wiggily and the Croquet Game	160
XXII	Uncle Wiggily and the School Teacher	167
XXIII	Uncle Wiggily and his Lessons	174
XXIV	Uncle Wiggily Digs a Well	181
XXV	Uncle Wiggily and the Fire Cracker	187
XXVI	Uncle Wiggily and the Lively Lobster	193

Uncle Wiggily Longears

CHAPTER I

UNCLE WIGGILY'S RHEUMATISM

ONCE upon a time, not so very many years ago, there lived in a hollow stump in the woods, an old gentleman rabbit named Uncle Wiggily Longears. He was one of the nicest old rabbit gentlemen you would want to meet if you rode all day in an automobile, and part of the next day too, for all I know.

The only trouble about Uncle Wiggily was that he had the rheumatism most painfully. Sometimes, especially when it rained, he could hardly get out of bed to hop down stairs and eat his yellow carrot soup.

At such times as those Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who kept house for Uncle Wiggily, would say:

"Never mind, Mr. Longears, you stay in bed and keep warm. I'll bring your breakfast up to you."

So the old gentleman rabbit would stay

in his bed, pulling up around his big ears the warm brown-leaf comfortable, filled with white cotton from the milkweed plant.

Often, when he had the rheumatism very badly, some of Uncle Wiggily's friends, the animal children who lived in the woods near his hollow stump bungalow, would call to see him, to cheer him up.

Sometimes it would be Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit boy and girl, who would call, and again it might be Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, or the Wibblewobble duck children. Or, again, Nannie and Billie Wagtail, the goat children, might take a notion to stop at the bungalow which was made from a hollow stump.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily!" the animal children would call. "How are you to-day?"

"Oh, not so well," the rabbit gentleman would answer, if his rheumatism were very painful. Or else he'd say:

"Oh, I'm feeling just fine this morning." That would be when the sun was shining nice and warm, and the rheumatism didn't hurt. "Come in!" Uncle Wiggily would call. "Come in, and I'll see if I can't find a peppermint lollypop for you!"

Uncle Wiggily always kept peppermint lollypops, or some kind of peppermint candy, near him. He said he thought peppermint helped his rheumatism.

"Though I think he does it just to have something sweet to give the animal children," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. But then the muskrat lady liked children too. She was always ready to give them slices of cabbage bread, with carrot jam on top, and sometimes, when she had plenty of jam, she'd spread the bottoms of the slices of bread as well as the tops.

Well, as time went on and on, Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism didn't seem to get any better, until at last he said to Nurse Jane:

"Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, I think if I don't get better of this rheumatism soon something will happen."

"What?" asked Nurse Jane, anxious like.

"Why," said Uncle Wiggily, with a queer little smile, which made his nose twinkle like a star on a frosty night in June, "if I don't get better of this rheumatism, the rheumatism will get the better of me."

"That would be too bad," said Nurse Jane, sad like and slow.

"It would," agreed Uncle Wiggily, "and so I have decided to do something."

"What?" inquired the muskrat lady. "Are you going to get Dr. Possum to give you a new kind of medicine?"

"No," answered Uncle Wiggily, "I think I have taken medicine enough. What I am going to do is to go off on a long journey, and perhaps I can lose my rheumatism on the way. I have often heard of health being lost, and fortunes being lost, and money being lost. Now fortunes, health and money are good things, and it is too bad to lose them.

"But rheumatism is a bad thing, and it would be a *good* thing to lose it—I wouldn't mind if I lost mine down a well, and never found it again."

"Well, you might do that," spoke Nurse Jane.

"At least I am going to try," the rabbit gentleman went on. "I am going to start and try to lose my rheumatism, and I wish no bad luck to whoever finds it. In fact I hope no one finds it."

"So do I," spoke Nurse Jane. "When do you start?"

"Right away," the old gentleman rabbit answered.

"Hadn't you better wait until you get over the rheumatism-pain you have now?" asked the muskrat lady.

"No," said Uncle Wiggily. "I—er Ouch! I—er—I'm going to—Ouch! I'm going to start at once! Ah! Ouch!" he cried once more. "I'm going to lose this rheumatism as soon as I can," he went on, putting his paw to his back where the pain hurt him the most. "The sooner I get rid of it the better. So pack my valise, Nurse Jane, if you please, and I'll start off on a journey to see if I can get rid of my rheumatism—or at least, perhaps I may be able to find some medicine to cure it."

"Well," spoke the muskrat lady, "you have done a good bit of traveling, Uncle Wiggily Longears. You went off to seek your fortune, and you rode around in your automobile. Perhaps it will be as good, for a change, to travel and see what will then happen to your rheumatism."

"That's it!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I'm going to get up. Oh! Ouch!" he cried, for the rheumatism pained him very much. But

he was a brave gentleman rabbit, and up he got.

And after that he had many wonderful adventures, did Uncle Wiggily Longears, going about trying to lose his rheumatism. I'm going to tell you all that happened, in the very best way I know how, and I hope you will like the stories.

After Uncle Wiggily got up from his bed, and dressed, buttoning his red flannel vest, which sometimes helped his rheumatism, he put in his valise some good things to eat, such as carrot sandwiches, a bit of cherry pie, some chopped up cabbage leaves and a head of lettuce.

"I ought not to starve now; had I Nurse Jane?" asked the old rabbit gentleman.

"No, indeed," replied the muskrat lady, as she combed out her whiskers with a chestnut burr, that Johnnie Bushytail, the little squirrel boy, had dropped on his way to school.

So Uncle Wiggily started off on a long journey, hoping he could lose his rheumatism, where no one would ever find it, or at least, if he could not lose it, he hoped to be cured from the pain.

The old rabbit gentleman said good-bye to

all his friends—the Littletail rabbit children; the Bushytail squirrel brothers; Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the ducks; Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys; Buddy and Brighteyes Pigg; and to Neddie and Beckie Stubtail, the nice bears—and to all the others.

"Good-bye! Good-bye, everybody!" cried Uncle Wiggily Longears, as he started off, limping on his red white and blue barber pole crutch, that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a corn stalk.

"Good-bye, Uncle Wiggjly!" shouted the animal children. "We hope you don't go so far that we'll never see you again."

"Oh you'll see me again," answered the rabbit gentleman with a happy smile that made his nose twinkle like the jelly on top of a cocoanut cake.

And off he started.

Well, Uncle Wiggily hadn't gone very far before he met Grandfather Goosey Gander, the old goose gentleman.

"Where are you going, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"I am going on a long journey, to see if I

can't lose my rheumatism," answered the rabbit gentleman.

"Are you going to walk all the way?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," said Uncle Wiggily. "Why not?"

"Well, I'm afraid you will have a very long walk," went on Grandfather Goosey Gander. "And perhaps that might make your rheumatism worse. Why didn't you go in your automobile?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Uncle Wiggily, as he looked at his turnip watch to see if it were time to eat a lettuce sandwich, "to tell you the truth, the automobile bumps me so that it makes my rheumatism worse instead of better."

"I wouldn't be surprised if it did," spoke Grandpa Goosey, as he polished his yellow bill on a bit of green grass. "Now I have an idea, Uncle Wiggily," the goose gentleman went on. "Why not come along with me in my steamboat?"

"Your steamboat?" asked Uncle Wiggily, sort of surprised like.

"Yes," said the goose gentleman, "you know the one I made to sail around the duck pond. Why not come sailing with me? It

will be nice and smooth on the water, there are no bumps, and it might cure your rheumatism."

"Yes, it might," said Uncle Wiggily, thinking about it.

"And another thing," said the goose gentleman, looking carefully over his feathery left shoulder, and around the corner by the hen house to make sure no one was listening. "Another thing, Uncle Wiggily; on the voyage you might lose your rheumatism overboard in the water, and then no one would ever find it, to bring it back to you."

"That's so, I might!" the rabbit gentleman exclaimed, quite pleased like. "But I didn't know you were going on a voyage."

"I wasn't, until I met you," said the goose gentleman. "But I might just as well go. I have nothing to do around here except quack, and by going on a voyage I might find my fortune, as you once did."

"You might," said Uncle Wiggily, "but still——"

"Say no more about it, if you please!" interrupted Grandfather Goosey Gander. "You and I will go on a voyage in my steamboat so you can lose your rheumatism. Come on!"

So Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey went to where the goose gentleman's steamboat floated on the duck pond.

It was really a very nice steamboat, made from an old soap box, with an oil stove in it to make steam for the engine. Grandfather Goosey used an old pair of baby-carriage wheels for the paddles, and a piece of stove pipe made the nicest smoke-stack one could have wished for, and there was also an old umbrella that could be hoisted for a sail whenever the engine became tired and wanted to go to sleep.

"Why, this is a most scrumptious steamboat!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he sat down on one of the red plush seats, which looked like jelly tarts.

"I'm glad you like it," Grandfather Goosey Gander said. "We shall have some fine times together. Perhaps we may sail around the world—who knows?"

"Who indeed?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he ate a piece of carrot shortcake. "Have some?" he asked Grandfather Goosey politely.

"No, thank you, I'm going to nibble at a bit of cornmeal pudding," answered the duck gentleman. "After that we'll start."

The two friends ate their little lunch.

Then Grandfather Goosey looked up at the sky through a green bottle, with the cork out and a hole knocked in the bottom.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"This is my bottle-telescope," said Grandpa Goosey. "Sailors on a steamboat always have a telescope."

"Why?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"To look at things that are far off," was the answer of the old goose gentleman. "I wanted to see if everything was all right for us to go sailing around the world."

"Is it?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"It is," said Grandpa Goosey. Then he blew on a penny whistle that used to belong to Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, and away the two animal friends started on their voyage in the steamboat. The baby-carriage wheels paddled around like anything, the oil stove puffed out smoke and the whistle blew:

"Toot! Toot! Tootity-toot!"

"Hurray!" cried Grandfather Goosey. "We're off!"

"Yes, and I hope we lose my rheumatism," said Uncle Wiggily.

And now we will see what wonderful things happened.

CHAPTER II

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE FIRE

UNCLE WIGGILY and Grandfather Goosey sailed on and on in the goose gentleman's steamboat, talking of many things, and, now and then eating some of the lunch they had brought with them.

"How is your rheumatism now?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"Why, it seems a little better," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I think I have lost a pain or two since we started."

"Good! That is better than taking medicine!" exclaimed the old goose gentleman. Then they talked about other matters, such as how to make a rice pudding stay cold on the Fourth of July, after it has been hit by a skyrocket, or how to find your glasses after you have lost them down a crack in the board walk.

All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily arose from the red plush jam-tart seat where he had been

sitting, and walked toward the front of the steamboat.

"What is the matter?" asked Grandfather Goosey Gander, curious like.

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily, after a bit, "I don't know much about sailing a boat, though I like it very much, but my private opinion is that we are going to have a storm."

"What makes you think so?" asked the goose gentleman.

"Look at that dark cloud over yonder," replied the rabbit gentleman, pointing his left ear off toward the east.

"Hum! That is something," admitted Grandfather Goosey, as he squinted through his bottle-telescope. "But it is too small for a storm cloud. It may be a cloud of mosquitoes headed this way, however. We had better get the smudge kettle ready."

This smudge kettle was an iron pot, kept on deck, and when you built a fire in it, and put on some old rags and paper, it made such a smoke that no mosquitoes would stay anywhere near it, not if you were to give them a candy orange to eat and a lolly pop besides.

"I'll make the fire in the smudge kettle," offered Uncle Wiggily.

"Then I'll get dinner," agreed Mr. Gander. "You keep watch of that cloud, whatever it is."

Grandfather Goosey handed Uncle Wiggily the bottle-telescope, and went downstairs Uncle Wiggily made the smudge fire, and then he watched the black cloud. It came nearer and nearer, and finally Uncle Wiggily could hear a sort of flipping flapping noise coming from it.

"Oh, I'm afraid that's going to be a tornado, or a cyclone, or some storm like that," he said. "That isn't a mosquito cloud, for mosquitoes would hum." Then he looked through the bottle-telescope again, and he saw that it wasn't a cloud at all, but a big bird flying toward him.

And, when the bird came nearer, with his big, flapping wings, Uncle Wiggily saw that it was the kind fish hawk who had once carried Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the boy squirrels, home on his back.

"Oh, ho! it's you; is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I am glad to see you. What brings you so far from home?"

"I certainly never expected to meet you," spoke the fish hawk, as he perched on the

top-end of the mast. "But you would never guess what brought me so far from shore. I'll give you three guesses."

"Did the wind blow you?"

"Nopy!"

"Did you start to fly around the world?"

"Nopy!"

"Did the fuzzy fox chase you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Nopy. Now you'll have to give up. I'll tell you. I went after Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy. He was flying around one day, when a big storm came up, and blew him away over the duck pond. The wind blew so hard that he couldn't fly back, so I went after him, and——"

"Where is he now?" asked Uncle Wiggily, anxiously, for he could not see his little feathered sparrow friend.

"He is sound asleep on my back," replied the fish hawk. "Hi, Dickie! wake up!" he called, and Dickie, who was very tired from having tried to fly back against the wind, sat up on the end of his tail.

"Where am I?" he asked, trying to get the sleepy feeling out of his eyes.

"Why you are on my ship, and also that of

Grandfather Goosey!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, how glad I am to see you, Dickie! Tell me about the folks at home. How is Arabella Chick? Are the Wibblewobble children as jolly as ever, quacking about? How is Aunt Lettie, the old lady goat?"

"All well," said Dickie, and he told all the news, and then he asked about Uncle Wiggily's voyage, and said he would tell all the folks at home about meeting the two traveling friends.

"Come now, Dickie, I think it is time for us to be flying on, so we will get home before dark," said the fish hawk after a bit. "I'm glad I met your ship, Uncle Wiggily, for I feel quite rested from having perched on the end of the mast."

"And to think I took you for a cloud of mosquitoes!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman with a laugh.

"But what makes all that smoke?" asked Dickie, suddenly.

"It's our mosquito-smudge," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I'll put it out as we don't need it any longer."

"Why, the ship's on fire! The ship's on fire!" cried Dickie all at once. "The mos-

quito-smudge pot must have boiled over and become red hot, and it's set the ship on fire!"

"So it has!" cried Grandpa Goosey, quacking out an alarm from his yellow bill. But that did no good, for there were no fire engines to answer.

"Water! Water! You must have water!" screamed the fish hawk.

"There is plenty of that all about us, if we can only throw it on the fire," spoke Uncle Wiggily, making his ears wave back and forth, like palm leaf fans, as he looked down into the duck pond.

"Come on, Dickie!" cried the fish hawk, "we'll dip up water in our bills, and spatter it on the blaze."

By this time the ship was burning a great deal, and it looked as if it would all burn up. Dickie and the fish hawk flew down to the pond, and dipped up some water. But mercy me! Their bills were not big enough to hold much, and the fire got hotter and hotter.

"Oh, we ought to have a pump!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "The next time I come on a voyage I'll have a pump, sure."

"Haven't you got a pail?" asked Dickie,

as he rested for a minute on the deck, well away from the blaze.

"Not a pail, or if I had I could dip that down in the water, and put out the fire!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "Oh, what shall I do if my ship burns up?"

"It won't burn! It shan't burn!" suddenly cried Uncle Wiggily. "I see a way to save it!"

With that he grabbed up a big bath room sponge that was on the deck. He tied a string to the sponge, and lowered it into the water. The sponge became all soaking wet in a moment. Then the rabbit gentleman quickly hauled it up, and squeezed the water from it right out on the blaze.

"Hiss! Splutter! Spluss!" splattered the fire, for it did not like the water in its eyes and nose and mouth.

"One more spongeful, and the fire will be out!" cried Grandpa Goosey, quacking for joy.

"Here it comes!" shouted Uncle Wiggily bravely.

Then he lowered the soaky-oaky sponge once more into the water, pulled it up, and when he had squeezed the drops from it on

the fire that blaze went right out somewhere, and didn't come back again.

"Oh, the ship is saved!" cried Grandpa Goosey, and so it was. Then the pot with the mosquito-smudge in it was thrown overboard, the fish hawk flew on home with Dickie Chip-Chip, and Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander went down to dinner, after putting in some new boards on deck in place of the burned ones. And they didn't have any more adventures until next day.

Now in case the cat up in our poodle dog doesn't fall down into the flower pot, and grow up into a pussy willow, I'll tell you in the next chapter about Uncle Wiggily saving Grandpa Goosey.

CHAPTER III

UNCLE WIGGILY SAVES GRANDPA GOOSEY

"WELL, this certainly is a fine day!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily Longears, as he got up one morning after Grandpa Goosey's ship had sailed about forty-'leven-sixteen miles during the night on its voyage around the world.

"Indeed it is a nice day," agreed Grandpa Goosey Gander, as he looked in the icebox to see if there was any candy-coated oat meal for breakfast. "I wonder what we can do to-day?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm not going to build a mosquito-smudge fire on deck, and almost burn up the ship," spoke the old gentleman rabbit severely-like.

"I should hope not," exclaimed Grandpa Goosey, as he went into the kitchen to see if the fire had gone out. And it had; out of the window fishing, I guess, and the rabbit and duck gentleman had to make a new one.

"I know one thing I am going to do after breakfast," spoke the old gentleman goose, after a while. "I think I will scrub the deck of our ship and make it nice and clean. We never can tell when we may have company, and we want things to look proper."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "You scrub the deck and I'll dust the piano. If Jennie Chipmunk were here she'd do that for us, for she is just grand at knocking dust off furniture with her dusting-brush-tail, but, since she isn't here, we must do the best we can. As you say, you never can tell when company will drop in on us. Mr. and Mrs. Wibble-wobble may fly out any day, and as for Uncle Butter or Aunt Lettie, the goats, they may jump on board any minute."

"The goats would be nice company in case of fog," said Grandpa Goosey.

"Why?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, they could toot their horns, and go 'baa-baa' and then we wouldn't run into the shore or collide with anything. But let's have breakfast and get to work."

So while the ship sailed over the duck-pond ocean, the two friends ate breakfast. Grandpa Goosey had shoe button coffee, and Uncle

Wiggily ate some cold-cross lettuce buns, with chocolate-carrot butter on them.

Then they rested a bit, and looked over the side of their ship. They saw a big shark swimming along, and pretty soon this shark met another one, and they shook tails and stopped in the water to have a talk.

Then, all of a sudden the sharks began swimming about so fast that Grandpa Goosey could hardly keep track of them.

"What in the world are they doing now?" he asked, curious-like.

"They are playing codfish-ball," answered Uncle Wiggily, and, surely enough, the sharks were doing this. Pretty soon one shark knocked a home run with his long nose, and the other shark swam after the codfish-ball, and the game was over.

"Now to scrub the deck," exclaimed Grandpa Goosey.

"And I'll dust the piano with the sponge," said Uncle Wiggily, as he went downstairs.

Grandfather Goosey Gander got a pail of water, and some soap, and the scrubbing brush, and soon he was cleaning the deck just as nicely as a carpenter-man, with a bit

of sandpaper, could have done it. And Grandpa Goosey sang this song:

"Oh it's fine to scrub and scrub,
And rub and rub and rub and rub.
I think some day, I'll go away,
And live inside a washing tub.
The soapsuds are so nice,
Especially when filled with ice.
So now I think that I'll rest awhile,
And watch the little mousie smile."

"Say, that's a funny song," called up Uncle Wiggily from down in the cellar—I mean parlor—where he was dusting the piano.

"I know it," admitted Grandpa Goosey, "and I feel funny, too. Whoop! Here goes for a whole lot of soap suds on the deck!" And with that, my goodness me sakes alive, and the pussy cat's whiskers! He splashed a whole lot of suds on the deck, and began to make the scrubbing brush sizzle back and forth in them like an automobile going down hill.

"Now you have gone and done it!" suddenly exclaimed a cold and clammy voice. "Now you have done it! Oh, you'll get it for this!" and all at once something big

flipped and flopped down on the deck in front of Grandpa Goosey.

"What have I done? Who are you? What's the matter?" the goose gentleman asked, holding up the scrubbing brush so the soapy water dribbled all over his clean collar and necktie.

Then he looked and he saw, sitting on the end of its tail, on the wet deck, a flying fish. The fish, which had purple-red wings, like a little canary bird, had flown up out of the ocean and had landed on the steamboat deck.

"What have I done?" asked Grandpa Goosey, anxious-like. "What have I done?"

"You have splashed some smarty soap suds in my eye!" whistled the fish between its teeth. "And can you guess what rhymes with eye?"

"Why, I should say pie," replied Grandpa Goosey, after thinking the matter over a bit. "Yes, most certainly pie. What? Apple, pumpkin, custard, plum; give a party and we'll come. Hurray! Pie rhymes with eye all right!"

"Wrong!" exclaimed the fish. "It's fly—that rhymes with eye, and that means you've got to fly with me. Fly into the ocean, away

down under the water, for splashing soap in my eye."

"But I don't want to!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "In the first place, I don't want to leave Uncle Wiggily, and, in the second place, if I go under water I'll drown. I'll not do it!"

"Oh, yes, you will," spoke the flying fish. "If you don't, I'll stick you with my sharp fins." Then he made his sharp fins stand up straight like the quills on a fretful porcupine hedgehog, and that fish flopped straight toward Grandpa Goosey. Oh, but the poor old goose gentleman was frightened! and he didn't know what to do.

But just then brave old Uncle Wiggily, who had heard the noise on deck, came up stairs from dusting the piano, and, as soon as he saw that flying fish, he knew what the trouble was.

As quick as a wink, Uncle Wiggily rushed to a flower pot that was in the ship's parlor, and he dug up a big fish worm. Carrying this wiggling worm up on deck, he threw it at the flying fish, at the same time calling out:

"Be off! Away with you! Scat! Meaouw! Look out, or I'll make this worm bite you!"

And the flying fish was so frightened at the

worm that he gave one jump, and landed, tail first, into the duck-pond ocean. He intended to land head first, but the soap in his eye made him partly blind so he couldn't see very well, and he flopped over in a somersault.

"My, you saved my life!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "But, why did that fish flop away so quickly?"

"Because he saw the fish worm, and he thought maybe there was a hook in the worm on which he himself would be caught if he didn't behave," explained the old gentleman rabbit. "If ever you want to scare a fish, just show him a wiggling worm and make him jump."

"I will," said Grandpa Goosey. Then he went on scrubbing the deck, and the worm crawled back in the flower pot and went to sleep, and the flying fish went to the Chinese laundry to have the soap washed out of his eye, and that's all to this story.

Now, in case the spool of silk thread doesn't roll under the carpet and make a hump for the camel to step on when he goes to breakfast with the grasshopper, I'll tell you, in the chapter after this, about Uncle Wiggily being shipwrecked.

CHAPTER IV

UNCLE WIGGILY IS SHIPWRECKED

"WELL, how is your rheumatism now, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Grandfather Goosey Gander, the old gentleman goose, as he and the rabbit sat down to supper aboard the steamboat, one day, not long after the flying fish, who had been so unpleasant about the soap suds in his eye, had been scared away by the angle worm. "Does it pain you as much as ever?" asked Grandpa Goosey, as he helped himself to some fried corn meal, with snail-sauce on.

"Why, no," answered Uncle Wiggily. "To tell you the truth, so much has happened since we started this voyage, that I had almost forgotten that I had the rheumatism."

"Good!" cried Grandpa Goosey. "There's nothing like having adventures to cure one's rheumatism."

"That's so," agreed the old gentleman rabbit.

"And it seems to me," went on Uncle Wiggily, as he spread a bit of cherry pie on top of his carrot pancakes, "it seems to me that something is always happening on this voyage."

"Indeed it does," said Grandpa Goosey "Still, that is better than having nothing happen. Why, we might get so lonesome if nothing happened that we would have to turn ourselves into a moving picture show, and you know you wouldn't like that."

"No, indeed," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Not with my rheumatism. I should hope not! After supper we'll sit out on deck in the moonlight and talk."

So, after a supper of fried cough drops and some slippery elm tea, the two friends went up on deck.

It was a nice moonlight night and there were hardly any clouds in the sky. What few there were seemed to be playing tag with each other, and they would sometimes get in front of the moon and make him play a game of blind man's bluff, with the twinkling stars.

"My, there isn't enough wind to blow us along," said Uncle Wiggily after a bit. "It

is calm and peaceful, so we will be sure to sleep well to-night."

"And I'm going to go to bed very soon," spoke Grandpa Goosey. "I am tired from having scrubbed the deck so much the other day. But first I must look to see if there are any of those fuzzy-izzie mosquitoes on board."

So he took a candle and went about, looking for fuzzy-izzie-buzzy mosquitoes, but I'm glad to say that he couldn't find any. Then he went to bed, and so did Uncle Wiggily.

Well, pretty soon, along about in the middle of the night, the old gentleman rabbit suddenly felt the ship moving swiftly along.

"Ha, Hum!" he exclaimed, wiggling his ears backward and forward to see if they were on straight, "this is very strange! There is no wind to blow our sail, and yet we are sailing. I think I had better see what this means."

So, without waking up Grandpa Goosey Gander, the old gentleman rabbit went on deck. It was still night, and the moon was shining down without blinking an eyelid, and the clouds were still playing tag with each other and the stars, but the funny part

of it was that the ship was sailing along and there wasn't a breath of wind to blow it.

You know how it is with a sailing ship; there has to be wind to push it along. A steamship is different. That has a little jiggily thing like a Fourth of July pinwheel under the back end and that wheel whizzes around in the water and shoves the ship ahead.

But the ship of the rabbit and goose gentlemen wasn't like this. Still it was moving through the water, just like a steamship, and Uncle Wiggily couldn't understand it.

"Strange, strange, very strange," he said. Then he went to the front part of the ship, and looked down into the water. He couldn't see much, because the moon had just then gone behind a cloud, but something was wiggling along in the water, and at first Uncle Wiggily thought it might be the fishworm who had fallen overboard.

So he went and looked in the flower pot, but the worm was there, safe and sound asleep down in between the brown earth-blankets.

"Besides," thought Uncle Wiggily, "a fish-

worm couldn't wiggle hard enough to pull our ship along. I must light the mosquito candle, and see what it is that is dragging us."

He lighted the candle, and tied it on a string. Then he lowered it over the bow of the ship, and what did he see? Oh, something that scared him very much! Yes, indeed.

For a big, bumpy-headed whale that Uncle Wiggily had once tickled with the feather duster had the ship's anchor in his mouth. And the anchor was fast to a rope, and the rope was fast to the ship, and there was the whale pulling the ship along just as a big boy pulls a little dog along by a string.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Double wow! Silver bells, cockle shells, evi-ivi-over! Come up here, Grandpa Goosey! We are being pulled away!

Up came the old gentleman goose, rubbing the sleepy feeling out of his eyes with his wings. And when, in the dim darkness, he saw the whale pulling the ship along, he cried out:

"Oh, toothache drops! Oh, porous plasters! What shall we do?"

"Do!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "We must make him stop pulling us, or he'll pull us on shore, and we'll be shipwrecked."

So they both called together to that whale:

"Let us go! Stop pulling our ship! Stop! Stop!"

But do you s'pose that whale stopped? Not a bit of it. He just took hold of the anchor more tightly in his teeth, and went on faster than ever.

"Where's the dusting brush? Tickle the tail of that whale!" cried Grandpa Goosey, excited-like.

But the whale was so far from the ship that Uncle Wiggily couldn't reach him with the dusting brush, even when he tied it on the end of a fishing pole.

"Let's throw some talcum powder in his eyes!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "That may make him stop." So he got a box of talcum powder, that smelled like violets, and he threw it, box and all, at the whale. And then a funny thing happened. The powder got in the whale's eyes, and tickled him so that he sneezed, and he couldn't see very well after that. Then he swam crooked, of course,

and he was so excited that he swam faster and faster with his tail.

All of a sudden he gave a big bite, and bit the anchor off the rope, just as you bite a lollypop off the stick. And then the whale swam off by himself with the anchor, but still the ship didn't stop, for it was going too fast. Just like a boy sliding down hill on his roller skates when he bunks into a tree before he can stop himself.

"Oh, what will happen?" asked Uncle Wiggily. Well, he found out in about a minute.

"Bang!" went the ship up against something, and the rabbit gentleman, and Grandpa Goosey, who were on deck, were knocked right off their feet. When they got up they could see something big and black right in front of them.

"Oh, what happened?" asked Grandpa Goosey, speaking through his bill.

"We're shipwrecked; that's what happened," answered Uncle Wiggily, tying his ears into a hard knot so they wouldn't get tangled. "Oh, what bad luck!"

But it wasn't such bad luck after all, as you shall hear in the next chapter, when, in case

the cake does not jump out of the bread box, and scrape all its chocolate off on the door mat, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily on a desert island.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE WIGGILY ON A DESERT ISLAND

UNCLE WIGGILY and Grandfather Goosey did not sleep very well the rest of the night after they were shipwrecked. I guess you wouldn't either. For you see, they could not tell where they were, whether on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or on a sand bank, or in a savings bank, or where.

For the moon had gone to bed, having stayed up as long as the man in it would allow, and the night was quite dark.

"Well, we can tell in the morning where we are," spoke the old rabbit gentleman, after looking through the bottle-telescope and trying to make out what it was the ship had struck.

"Can't you see anything?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"Well, it looks to me like a big stick of black licorice candy that we hit," answered the rabbit, "but I know it can't be that."

So they had to wait, as best they could, until morning, and when the sun crawled out of bed, and began climbing up the slippery sides of the sky, then they could see where they were, and what they had struck.

And what do you think it was? Why nothing else but a desert island. Yes, they were shipwrecked on a desert island. You know what that is, I suppose, but, in case you do not, I'll tell you anyhow.

A desert island, you see, is an island in the duck pond ocean, where nothing grows. I mean nothing to eat. Of course there may be trees, and sand, and grass, and things like that, but no ham sandwiches, or chicken salad, or ice cream, or chocolate sodas, or lollypops, or anything like that. Goodness no! If a desert island had those things on it why it wouldn't be a desert island at all, and I couldn't write this story.

"Well, we are up against it," spoke Uncle Wiggily sadly, and that wasn't slang, you know.

"Up against what?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"The desert island," said the rabbit gentleman. "The edge of our ship is right close against the island. We can't get off, for we

are stuck in the sand, and I guess our voyage is over."

"What's to be done?" inquired the goose gentleman, sadly-like.

"We must go ashore on the island, and live there," said Uncle Wiggily.

"But there is nothing there to eat," objected Grandpa Goosey. "Nothing at all. We had much better stay here on our ship. We have enough here to last us for some time, and after that is gone, some one may come along and rescue us."

"No, we must go on the desert island," insisted Uncle Wiggily, firmly. "Why, all shipwrecked sailors have to go ashore on the desert island when they hit it. Otherwise what would be the sense of being shipwrecked?"

"Well, I suppose you are right," admitted Grandpa Goosey with a sigh. "We'll go ashore and starve to death; but it does seem a foolish thing to do in my private opinion."

"Never mind, it must be done," went on Uncle Wiggily. So he gave a big jump and, leaping over the deck railing of the ship, he landed on the island. Then Grandpa Goosey

flapped his wings, and he, too, soon stood beside his friend.

"Well, what next?" asked Grandpa Goosey, after he had pulled a splinter out of his foot with his bill. "What next?"

"We must walk all around the island," said Uncle Wiggily, "and see what is on it."

"We don't need to walk," spoke Grandpa Goosey, "for I can stand here and see everything. There is nothing on this island but trees and grass. I can see that plainly enough from here."

"You never can tell," went on Uncle Wiggily. "There may be lions, and tigers, and snakes, and elephants, and all sorts of wild animals and men here on this island. If there are we must see them, so when we are saved we can write a book about them."

"I don't see any good of that," spoke Grandpa Goosey. "If there are wild animals here I don't want to see them. I'd much rather they didn't see me, too, for they might eat me up. Let's go hide."

"No," said Uncle Wiggily; "we must walk all around the island. That's called exploring it. Come along, we'll explore."

So together they walked along, and pretty

soon they got hungry, also thirsty, for a desert island is very dry, you know.

"Oh, dear!" quacked Grandpa Goosey, "I wish I had something to eat and drink! I wish we had stayed on the ship!"

"That is no way to talk," objected Uncle Wiggily. "Of course you have to be hungry and thirsty. You can't be shipwrecked on a desert island unless you are hungry. That's part of the game."

"Still," spoke the poor, old goose gentleman, "it seems hard to starve and be thirsty, when we have plenty to eat on our ship that is so close by us. But if we have to why we have to, I suppose. Hello!" he suddenly exclaimed, "look there!"

"What is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious-like.

"I just saw a monkey," answered Grandpa Goosey in a whisper.

"A monkey?"

"Yes, a real, live monkey. Come on," and the gentleman goose waddled as fast as he could.

"Where are you going?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"To get some cocoanuts," was the answer.

"Cocoanuts? I thought you said you saw a monkey," spoke the old gentleman rabbit, flustered-like.

"So I did," went on Grandpa Goosey. "But don't you know that wherever there are monkeys there are cocoanuts? There have to be, just as you have to be shipwrecked on a desert island. On every package of cocoanut, to put on cakes, there are pictures of monkeys, and that shows you that there are cocoanuts here. See? Monkeys, cocoanuts! Cocoanuts, monkeys! Hurray! We shan't starve now, for we can eat cocoanuts, and drink the milk in them."

"Maybe you're right," slowly admitted Uncle Wiggily. "Come on."

Off they hurried, and soon they came to where a monkey was sitting in a tree, curling his tail with the fire tongs.

"Throw something at him!" whispered Grandpa Goosey to Uncle Wiggily.

"Won't that make him mad?" asked the rabbit in a whisper.

"No, that's what everyone does when they want a monkey to toss them a cocoanut," answered Grandpa Goosey. "They throw something up in the tree at him, and the

monkey always throws back cocoanuts down. Throw something."

So Uncle Wiggily threw a little stone at the monkey, taking care not to hit him. The monkey looked down, stopped curling his tail, and exclaimed.

"Oh, you're here, are you? I was expecting you." Then he threw down two fine, large, juicy cocoanuts, which the rabbit gentleman and Grandpa Goosey cracked open at once. And then they sat down under the shady tree and drank the cocoanut milk, and they thought that, after all, being shipwrecked wasn't so bad.

But no more for to-night, if you please, though in case the peanut pie doesn't slide down the front stairs and splash all over the baby carriage wheels so they can't go roller skating, the next chapter will be about Uncle Wiggily and the cocoanut-monkey.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE COCOANUT MONKEY

"WELL," said Grandfather Goosey Gander, as he and Uncle Wiggily sat under the tree, drinking the milk of the cocoanuts, which the monkey had thrown down to them, "this desert island, on which we have been shipwrecked, isn't such a bad place, after all."

"No, indeed," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "I thought we certainly would die of thirst here, or else that we would starve to death. But, if there are cocoanuts, there may be other nice things to eat growing on trees, and we can stay here for some time. It was a good thing you saw the monkey, and that he was in a cocoanut tree."

"Oh you always can depend on that," spoke Grandfather Goosey Gander. "Whenever you see a monkey, unless he works on a hand organ, or in a circus, you will find cocoanut trees."

And then, all of a sudden, the monkey up

in the tree, who had thrown the nuts down, stopped curling his tail with the fire tongs and asked:

"Are you two gentlemen down there nice and comfortable?"

"Indeed we are," replied Uncle Wiggily, and then he told how he and Grandfather Goosey Gander had been shipwrecked on the desert island, because the whale had pulled their ship along when there was no wind, as I told you in another story.

"And, now that you are here on this island, what are you going to do?" asked the cocoanut monkey as he looked in a mirror to see if his whiskers were on straight.

"We don't know what we are going to do," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I suppose we must stay here until our ship floats again, and then we can go on board and keep on sailing around the world so as to lose my rheumatism. But we can't sail as long as our ship is stuck on this desert island."

"Very true," agreed the monkey. "But you know that there is a tide here. That is, the water in the duck pond ocean rises very high twice every day, And, if you watch out, you may be able, when the tide is high,

to float your ship away from the land, and sail on again."

"Fine!" cried Grandfather Goosey Gander. "You stay here, Uncle Wiggily, and gather up any cocoanuts that may fall down, and I will go down to the shore and watch the ship. As soon as it floats in the water again, I will call you, and we can go on sailing around the world."

So the old gentleman rabbit thought that would be just the proper thing, and he remained sitting under the cocoanut tree, while Grandpa Goosey went to the shore of the desert island.

And the monkey stayed up in the tree, curling his tail with the fire tongs, until it was all frizzled, and waved and conglomerated, and he looked just like a lady before she goes to a party.

"Why are you curling your tail so much?" asked Uncle Wiggily as he looked up at the monkey.

"Because I am going to a peanut dance tonight," replied the monkey.

"A peanut dance; what is that, pray tell?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, as he looked

in the empty cocoanut shell to see if it held anything more to eat.

"Oh, a peanut party," answered the monkey, "is a party where the one who gets the most peanuts wins a prize. Most always the elephant wins, for he can pick up a whole bagful of nuts in his trunk. But I have been practicing by myself the past few days, taking little white stones on the beach, and making believe they were peanuts. I found that if I used my tail, as well as my four paws, I could pick up a lot of peanuts—many more than the elephant. So I am curling my tail, in order that it can pick up peanuts much better. Then with that, and my paws, I'm sure I'll win the prize."

"What is the prize?" asked Uncle Wiggily, tying a hard knot in one ear, and a soft knot in the other.

"A big bag of popcorn," answered the monkey. "But hark, I think I hear some one calling you."

Uncle Wiggily quickly untied the knots from his ears and listened. Surely enough, he heard some one calling:

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily!

Come as fast as you can! Whoop-de-doodle-do!"

"Why that sounds like Mr. Cock-A-Doodle, the rooster," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "Perhaps our ship has floated. I must see what is the trouble."

So off he hopped, with his very biggest hops, and soon he came to where Grandpa Goosey was standing on the beach of the desert island. But the ship hadn't floated. There it was, still stuck fast in the sand, for the tide had not risen high enough.

"What's the matter?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Why did you holler so?"

"Because a big sea robin just flew up out of the ocean, grabbed my tall hat off my head, and sailed away with it!" answered the goose gentleman.

"Took your tall hat!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, that is too bad," so he looked, and, surely enough, the goose gentleman's hat wasn't on his head.

"There he goes now!" cried Grandpa Goosey, suddenly pointing up to the sky. "There he goes with my tall hat!"

And, if you will kindly believe me, the sea robin was flying right across the desert is-

land, with the goose gentleman's tall silk hat.

"Let's run after him!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey, and they both did. But land sakes flopsy dub! and a girl on roller skates! They soon saw that they never could catch that sea robin, who was a very queer bird indeed, with a lollypop for a tail.

On and on the sea robin flew, and soon he was almost out of sight. Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey ran after him, but they could not even see him, until, all of a sudden, the sea robin came flying back again.

"But he hasn't my hat!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey. "He has left it somewhere!"

"So he has! So he has!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I know what to do. Wait for me!" With that he hopped off through the trees, and soon he was under the cocoanut one, where the monkey was still curling his tail ready to go to the peanut party.

"Oh, please get Grandpa Goosey's tall hat," begged the rabbit gentleman of the monkey. "The sea robin flew off with it, and I'm sure he has left it in some tall tree, where we can never get it. Will you get it for us?"

"To be sure I will!" cried the kind mon-

key. And then, to please Uncle Wiggily, the monkey stopped curling his tail—his own tail I mean, not the rabbit's—and he looked in all the trees on the desert island, and soon in a pine tree, with pink roses growing on it, the cocoanut monkey found the goose gentleman's tall hat and he got it down and brought it to him. Then Uncle Wiggily was happy, and so was Grandpa Goosey and also the monkey, who finished curling his tail.

And the sea robin, who was going to make a stove pipe for his nest out of Grandpa Goosey's hat was so much disappointed when he found it gone, that he cried ice cream tears. But he used a boy's putty blower for his stove pipe, and that did very well indeed.

And in the chapter after this one, in case the pretty girl who is sewing sawdust on the rubber ball, so it won't be hurt when it falls, doesn't stick her needle in it, and make all the wind come out, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily at the peanut party.

CHAPTER VII

UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE PEANUT PARTY

"WHERE are you going to sleep to-night?" asked the curly-tailed monkey of Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander, as they sat down under the cocoanut tree, after the goose gentleman had his tall hat back, that the sea robin had taken away. I told you about that in the other story, you remember.

"Where are we going to stay?" repeated Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I hardly know. You see we are shipwrecked on this desert island, and, though we might go in our ship, it would not be proper to stay aboard. When you're shipwrecked, you have to stay on the desert island, no matter whether you want to or not, otherwise things would not come out right. But perhaps we can make a sand tent, or a seaweed one, or something like that."

"A sand tent would be no good, for it would tumble down on us in the night, and scratch us all over," said Grandpa Goosey.

"Then a seaweed one," suggested the rabbit gentleman. "If that falls down it will be so soft that it will not even wake us up, any more than a feather tent would."

"Oh, I have a better plan than that!" exclaimed the monkey, as he finished curling his tail. "You had both better come with me to the peanut party. It is going to be given in the big rocky cave, by a lobster gentleman, and I'm sure he would be glad to see you. He will give you something to eat, and then you will not have to worry about supper and you can sleep in the cave. Will you come?"

"We will, indeed, and that right gladly," spoke Uncle Wiggily, grand and solemn, like a church organ. "When does it start?"

"Right away," answered the cocoanut monkey. "Come along. Only remember one thing. Whoever gets the most peanuts wins the prize bag of popcorn, and you must try and do your best, for I warn you that with my four paws and newly curled tail, I will get a lot of them.

"We'll do our best," said Grandpa Goosey, and then he and Uncle Wiggily went to the party with the cocoanut monkey.

It was held in a rocky cave, on the beach, near the water, and it was all lighted up with fireflies so that it was very pretty indeed. There were a number of animals at the party. The elephant was there, and some codfishes, and a few whales, little ones of course, and sharks, and sea lions and plenty of other fishes.

"Now we will begin," said the lobster gentleman who was giving the party. "I am going to take bags of peanuts and toss them up in the air, and when they fall down on the sandy floor of the cave you must all try to grab as many nuts as you can. And here is the prize—a bag of popcorn," and he tied it up high on a branch of coral where they could all see it.

Then the party began.

Oh, what fun it was! Bag after bag of peanuts, from a pile in the coal bin, did the lobster gentleman toss toward the roof of the cave. And when they came down, and burst, and the peanuts rolled out, all the animals, including Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey, hopped or jumped or swam after them as fast as they could.

So did the cocoanut monkey, and, with his

four paws, and his curly tail, which was almost as good as another paw, he got lots and lots of peanuts. He even got more than the elephant did, and this made the big, long-nosed creature rather angry. Then he made up his mind to play a trick that was hardly fair.

The elephant went softly up to the sea lion, who was not gathering in any peanuts, as the sea lion did not like them.

"Look here," began the elephant. "I want to win this peanut prize, but I can't if that monkey gets more nuts than I do. Now I want you to help me. And if you do, I'll give you a new comb and brush for your whiskers."

"What shall I do?" asked the sea lion, roaring in his softest voice, and blinking both eyes.

"Just watch your chance," said the elephant, "and, when no one is looking, you go to the lobster's pile of peanuts in the coal bin and throw a lot of them into the water."

"My goodness me, sakes alive, and a pail full of soap bubbles!" cried the sea lion. "What good will that do?"

"Why, with my long nose, which is just

like a hose, I can pump up all the water, on which the peanuts float, and make the place dry," said the elephant. "Then the peanuts will be easy for me to reach, and I will win the prize and give you a new comb and brush."

"All right, I'll do it," agreed the sea lion. So he watched for a good chance, while the lobster continued to throw bags of peanuts up in the air for the animals to scramble after.

At last the sea lion saw his opportunity and, when no one was looking, he pushed a whole lot of peanuts from the coal bin into the water, which was just in front of the cave. It was a sort of little lake—part of the duck pond ocean—not very big or deep.

"Oh, wow!" cried the lobster gentleman. "See the peanuts in the water. Oh! Who did that?"

"I'll get them!" shouted the elephant, uncurling his long nose. "I'll get them."

But Uncle Wiggily also saw the peanuts, and at once he thought of Grandfather Goosey. He knew the goose gentleman was a good swimmer, and just loved the water.

"Quick, Grandfather Goosey Gander!"

cried the rabbit gentleman. "Jump in, swim out and get all the peanuts you can. Then you'll win the prize."

"Indeed I will!" said Grandpa Goosey, and he did.

The elephant tried to suck up all the water in his trunk, so the peanuts would be on dry ground, but Grandpa Goosey was too quick for him. Before the long-nosed animal had sucked up two pails full of water, Grandfather Goosey had swam out, and under his wings and in his yellow bill he gathered bag after bag of the floating peanuts, until he had so many that he won the popcorn-ball prize, and he gave Uncle Wiggily as much of it as the rabbit gentleman wanted. Oh! But it was lots of fun.

"It serves you right," said the lobster gentleman to the elephant when he heard of the trick. "Now you may pack your trunk and go," and the elephant had to leave the party, and so did the sea lion. But all the others stayed, and they had a fine time eating peanuts and popcorn and drinking chocolate lemonade.

"Well, this was fun!" cried Grandpa Goosey as the last of the guests went away, and the

lobster gentleman invited the goose and the rabbit to sleep in the cave all night. "This desert island isn't so bad after all."

"I wonder what will happen to us to-morrow?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he curled up his ears and went to sleep.

And what did happen I'll tell you in chapter eight, when, in case the groceryman's horse doesn't step on our new grass and make it all flipsy-flopsy, like a rubber ball without any wind in it, the story will be about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's boat.

CHAPTER VIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JIMMIE'S BOAT

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the nice old gentleman rabbit, and Grandpa Goosey Gander, the goose gentleman slept for a long time the morning after the elephant's peanut party, when so many strange things happened. For Grandpa Goosey was tired from having swam after the peanuts, and Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism bothered him a little, because he was not sailing on the ship to try and lose his pain you see.

The ship was fast in the sand on the desert island, you remember.

After a while Uncle Wiggily awakened, and, leaving Grandfather Goosey still asleep under a seaweed tent, the old gentleman rabbit started off by himself before breakfast.

Pretty soon he met the cocoanut monkey, who said:

"Wouldn't you like to borrow my fire shovel, and try to dig your ship out of the sand, so you could keep on sailing?"

"Indeed I would," replied Uncle Wiggily.

"Then you may take it," the monkey kindly said, and he told Uncle Wiggily where it was kept. The rabbit gentleman went back to tell Grandpa Goosey that he was going for the shovel, but a great many things happened to the rabbit gentleman before he found it.

A comical clam had hidden the monkey's shovel, because the long-tailed creature had once dropped a cocoanut on the clam creature, making him sort of angry-like. And Uncle Wiggily was caught in a seaweed trap, set by the elephant, and many more things happened about which I have not time to tell you, now, because I must start the story of Jimmie's boat. And by Jimmie I mean the little Wibblewobble duck chap, with webbed feet.

So, after having had a number of things happen to him, Uncle Wiggily started back where he had left Grandfather Goosey Gander asleep on the beach.

"Well, it seems to me you were gone a long time," spoke the goose gentleman, as Uncle Wiggily came hopping along. "I have been waiting for you to come back

with the monkey's shovel. Now here you are, but you don't seem to have the shovel after all."

"What? Couldn't you find my shovel?" asked the monkey, who stopped curling his tail on the paper cutter. "Why, what was the trouble?"

"I was the trouble!" exclaimed the comical clam. "I hid your shovel in the grass because you dropped a cocoanut on me, and now I am going to dig this ship out of the sand with my two shells."

"Oh, ho! Up to your old tricks I see!" cried the monkey.

Then he tied his tail into a hard-boiled knot, so it wouldn't get tangled in his legs and away he ran as fast as he could go, to look for his fire shovel.

"I'll attend to your case later," he called to the comical clam. "Don't forget that!"

"What's it all about?" asked Grandpa Goosey curious-like, and then Uncle Wiggily told him of the comical clam's kind offer and about getting caught in the seaweed trap set by the bad elephant and how the clam pinched his tail and all that.

"Well, that was quite an adventure," spoke

the gentleman goose, "but I hope the monkey will not be mad at us for what you did to his shovel, Mr. Clam."

"Oh, I think he won't," was the answer. "If he is I will do some funny tricks and make him laugh. But now let's get to work and dig your ship out of the sand. I'm sure you must want to keep on sailing around the world."

"Indeed we do!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "But how are you going to help us?"

"I'll show you," spoke the clam. Then, walking on two little feet that he stuck out from his shells, he went close to the ship, where the sharp front of it was held fast in the desert island. And with his shells, which were just like sugar scoops, you know, that comical clam began digging the sand away. Faster and faster he dug, until he had quite a hole made, and it was so deep that Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey had to look down over the edge of it to watch the comical clam at work. He was laughing and joking all the while, that clam was.

"Do you think you will get our ship loose?" asked the gentleman rabbit.

"I'm sure of it," answered the clam, laughing again. "In a few minutes more you can—" and then he stopped suddenly, and cried out:

"Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"The water is coming in," answered the clam. "I have dug such a deep hole that the water has filled it, and now I can dig no more. Oh, I'm afraid I can't get your ship loose after all; that is, unless I can get a pump, to pump the water out. For you know I can't stand on water to dig with my shells. My feet are so little that I have to have sand to stand on. Oh, dear!"

Then the comical clam laughed, even though he felt badly, and he leaped up out of the watery hole, and sat on the sand, looking at the stranded ship, which could not sail.

"I guess we'll have to stay on this desert island forever, Mr. Gander," spoke Uncle Wiggily sorrowfully. "That is unless we can get some other boat to take us off."

"Speaking of boats!" suddenly exclaimed the comical clam, "here comes one now!" and he pointed across the duck pond ocean, and there, surely enough, a boat was sailing toward the desert island.

"Oh, what a queer boat!" said Grandpa Goosey, and well might he say that. For the boat was nothing but a washtub, with the iron-

ing board stuck up in it for a sail, and a wringer to steer with. But still the boat sailed on very well indeed.

"I wonder who is in it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, and no sooner had he spoken, than a voice began singing:

"I am a pirate bold, I am;
I sail the raging sea.
The sharks and whales, with flapping tails,
Are all afraid of me.
"On desert isles I roam, I do,
And bury all my gold.
I dance and sing like anything,
For I'm a pirate bold."

"Oh, run! Run everybody!" cried the comical clam. "If that is a pirate he's sure to want chowder soup, and I'll have to be it! Run! Wow! Run!"

"Wait a minute," spoke Uncle Wiggily, calmly. "I think I know that voice. Jimmie Wibblewobble, is that you?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Why, yes, of course," answered the boy duck, and then he stood up in his boat close to the ironing board sail. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily and

Grandpa Goosey!" he cried. "Is this all the farther you have come on your trip around the world? Oh, my!"

"This is all," said Uncle Wiggily, sadly. "We are shipwrecked on this desert island. But how came you here?"

"Oh, I'm pretending to be a pirate, and I went for a sail, but the wind blew me faster than I thought it would, and now I don't know how to get back. But I don't care! I'm coming there to stay with you," and Jimmie steered his boat toward shore.

"Oh, look out! Look out!" suddenly exclaimed the comical clam. "The hammer-headed shark is chasing after you, Mr. Pirate Duck, and he'll hammer your boat all to pieces, and you'll drown."

"Indeed you will!" cried the hammer-headed shark, wiggling his broad tail, and swimming faster than ever. "I'm going to pound your boat!" A hammer-headed shark, you know, has a head shaped exactly like a hammer, and he hammers everything he sees with it.

"Sail faster, Jimmie; sail faster!" cried Uncle Wiggily, but, no matter how fast Jimmie sailed his washtub ship the shark gained on him, and he was just going to knock the boy duck pirate's

boat all to pieces, when brave Uncle Wiggily thought of a plan.

On the beach was a piece of drift wood, with a lot of nails sticking up in it. The nails needed hammering down in the wood, so the rabbit gentleman just threw the board toward the shark, and cried out:

"There, bad creature, if you must hammer something, hammer in those nails! Hammer away with your hammer head!"

And, do you know, Uncle Wiggily spoke so sharply that the shark knew he must mind. So he stopped chasing Jimmie Wibblewobble's boat, and with his hammer-shaped head the shark began hammering the nails down in the piece of wood, and so the boy duck make-believe pirate got safely to shore, where Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey waited for him. And the shark kept on hammering down the nails, splashing the water all over at every blow. And the funny part of it was that he was glad to do it.

And now, in case the little girl skipping rope in front of my house doesn't jump salt and pepper and make the roller skates sneeze, I'll tell you in the next chapter about Uncle Wiggily and the baby carriage.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BABY CARRIAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, Grandfather Goosey Gander and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, were standing on the sandy shore of the desert island, looking at the stranded shipwrecked ship. It was a few days after the comical clam had tried to dig the ship out of the sand with his shells, but he had not been able to stir the boat a bit—not even as far as from one lollypop to another.

"Well," remarked the old gentleman rabbit, as he blinked his red eyes, "our ship hasn't moved any."

"No, and it never will, I think," spoke Jimmie, as he stuck his yellow bill down in the sand to see if any watercress grew there. But none did.

"We've tried every way we could think of to get our ship loose," said Grandpa Goosey, "but it is of no use."

"And even I couldn't help you," remarked

a red, white and blue flea, " and I know all there is to be known about sand. I had an idea, when Uncle Wiggily told me about the trouble he was in, that I could get the ship loose, but I can't.

" I've dug in the sand, and I've hopped in it, and turned somersaults and somerpeppers, and even done a few flip-flops in it, but the ship is as fast as ever," the flea said.

" Then the only thing for us to do," remarked Grandpa Goosey sadly, " is to begin walking on the rest of our journey around the earth, for we certainly can't sail. Come on, Uncle Wiggily, let's walk."

" May I go with you? " asked Jimmie Wibble-wobble. " I don't want to be left on this desert island all alone."

" You won't be alone—I'll be here," spoke the sand flea in a jolly voice.

" Yes, but you see you'll probably be hopping around all the while," objected the boy duck, " and I can't keep up with you. Though I'm sure you mean to be kind. I think I'll go with Uncle Wiggily, if he'll let me."

" Yes, you may come," spoke the old gentleman rabbit kindly, " but I'm afraid we'll have trouble on our walk. What are we going to do when we get to the end of this desert island?

We will have to jump off into the water, I suppose, for we can't walk on that."

"Hum suz dud and some horse chestnuts!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey. "I never thought of that. We certainly will have our own troubles. I wonder what we had better do?"

"Stay here," suggested the sand flea, as he tickled himself under his left ear so he could laugh easier. "It is nice on this desert island, I think. Stay here."

"And it is plenty large enough so that you could spend several days walking across it," spoke the comical clam, who just then came slowly creeping along on his little feet. "Besides, after you walk across the middle, you can keep on going around the edge, and, in that way, just like a fly walking around an orange, you can go for miles and miles and miles."

"That's so! We never thought of that!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I think we'll do that. Unless we could all get in Jimmie's washtub-boat and sail; but I'm afraid we couldn't, because it is not large enough. So we'll just do the rest of our traveling on this desert island, Grandfather Goosey, at least until our ship is dug loose from the sand."

"Oh fine!" cried Jimmie Wibblewobble, and

then, standing up on the tip edges of his webbed feet he clapped his wings and suddenly cried:

"Oh, look there! See that! What is it?"

He pointed to something floating on the waves, not far from shore. It was something rather large, and it seemed to have a little pink circus tent over the top of it. The wind was slowly blowing it toward the beach.

"It's the whale!" cried Uncle Wiggily, all excited like. "The bad whale is after us again, and I have no feather duster to tickle his tail. Oh! Oh! Oh wow!"

"No, I think it's the hammer headed shark!" said Grandpa Goosey, looking carefully through the green bottle-telescope.

"Or else it's the peanut elephant, trying to fool us," suggested Jimmie.

"No, you are all wrong," said the sand flea. "That is a baby carriage floating out there, and the pink tent on top is the umbrella."

"A baby carriage!" cried Uncle Wiggily surprised like. "Oh! Oh! Maybe there is a baby in it!"

"The poor little dear!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey. "If there's a baby in that carriage, floating in the water, we must get it right on shore. Oh, hurry, everybody! Hurry! What shall we do?"

"Let me swim out to the carriage," suggested Jimmie. "Then I can make the pink umbrella stand up straight, for a sail, and the wind will blow the carriage, and me with it, on shore."

So Jimmie started to swim out, but, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Oh, there comes the hammer-headed shark! You won't dare swim near him, Jimmie, or he'll hammer you. And look, he's coming right for the baby carriage! Oh, what shall we do?"

Well, no one seemed to know, and it looked as if that bad shark, with his head shaped like a hammer, would surely bump right into that baby carriage, and maybe spill out the baby for all I know. And then suddenly Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Oh, I have it! I know what to do. Mr. Sand Flea, you are a good jumper, aren't you?"

"Indeed I am," said the little red, white and blue fellow; but he did not speak at all proud like, being, in fact, quite modest. "I took the first prize jumping at a popcorn-ball party once," he said. "I can jump just as well now. What is it you wish, Uncle Wiggily?"

"This!" cried the gentleman rabbit, pulling a ball of strong cord from his pocket. "Take the end of this cord, jump out to the baby car-

riage, fasten one end of the string to it, leave the other end here, and we can pull the carriage up on shore. Quick, now!"

Like a flash the flea took the end of the string in his teeth, and then, gathering himself together, he gave one great, big, tremendous, extraordinary jump, and leaped from the sandy beach right out into the floating baby carriage. Quickly he fastened one end of the string to it, and then Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey and Jimmie Wibblewobble, pulling on the other end, hauled the carriage up on shore, and so the hammer-headed shark didn't bump into it after all, nor did the whale bite it. Right up on shore rolled the carriage on its wheels, with the pink parasol shining in the sun, and the flea sitting on top like a lady riding an elephant in the circus parade.

"And now to see if any one is in the carriage," said Grandpa Goosey.

"Oh, yes, some one is in it," spoke the little red, white and blue flea, tickling himself under the chin and laughing.

Nearer and nearer to shore came the baby carriage, and, all of a sudden there was a noise from it.

"Meaouw! Meaouw! Meaouw!" went

something in the baby carriage.

"Oh, it's a little crying baby," said Uncle Wiggily.

"That isn't a baby—it's a pussy cat!" said Grandpa Goosey Gander, and, when the carriage rolled up on the beach, surely enough there was a pussy cat lying in it, with a baby's pink cap and blue ribbons tied under its chin.

"Why—why—where's the baby?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'm the baby," answered the pussy cat. "You see there isn't any baby at the house where I live, so the little girl there dresses me up like this, and pretends I'm a baby. It's lots of fun.

"But to-day, after she had put me in the carriage, she wheeled me to the top of a hill and left me. A wind came along, blew me down the hill, and into the ocean, and—here I am."

"Yes, here you are, surely enough," spoke Grandfather Goosey Gander slowly. "I wonder what we shall do with you?"

"Ha, if you ask me, I should say put her in a trunk!" suddenly exclaimed another voice, and there stood a big circus elephant, who had just had his bath in pink lemonade. "Put her in my trunk," went on the elephant.

"Excuse me, I'd rather not!" said the pussy

cat, and just then, probably because she had been in the water so long, the pussy cat sneezed as if she had caught cold.

"Don't do that," said the elephant. "I can't have you in my trunk if you sneeze, for you'd tickle me. Don't do it!"

"I can't help it," the pussy cat said.

"But you must help it!" said the elephant, and then he suddenly had a conniption fit, and began dancing around.

"Away with you! Away with you—every one!" cried the elephant. And then, through his long nose, like a rubber hose, the elephant blew so long and so hard on the shipwrecked ship that he blew it far away, Grandfather Goosey, pussy cat, baby carriage, ship, and everything. Away the elephant blew them, and he blew Jimmie Wibblewobble's boat, and the little duck boy away also, until only Uncle Wiggily was left.

"Well, now you have gone and done it," said the rabbit gentleman to the circus elephant.

"Yes, I'm afraid I have," the elephant said, chasing after the rabbit, to blow him into the water also, maybe, for all I know. "And I'll attend to you next!"

And what happened after that I'll tell you in

the following chapter which will be about Uncle Wiggily in the monkey's house—that is if the water pail doesn't forget to come back to the candy store when it goes after milk for the canary bird.

CHAPTER X

UNCLE WIGGILY IN THE MONKEY'S HOUSE

LET me see, where did I leave off? Oh, I remember. It was where the elephant was chasing after Uncle Wiggily to catch the rabbit gentleman, and the bad elephant had blown the ship, with the baby carriage wheels, away far off with wind from his trunk; hadn't he? Yes. Well, then, we'll go on from there, and see what happens next.

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed the bad, long-nosed elephant, as he looked at Uncle Wiggily standing there on the desert island, gazing after the ship, which was sailing farther and farther away all the while. "I guess now I've got you. Oh, wait until I get hold of you! You'll not get away this time. I'm going to squeeze you." And the elephant snickered and sneezed.

Then he stretched out his trunk, and the tip end of it—you know, that little part where you put the peanuts for the good elephant when you go to the circus—that pinchy-inchy part of the

elephant's trunk, was getting a good hold of Uncle Wiggily's left ear, when, all of a sudden a voice up in a tree top called out:

"Just hold on there, if you please, Mr. Elephant. You let Uncle Wiggily go, and don't you hurt him!"

"Who says so?" asked the elephant real saucy and pert like, as he winked one eye and looked up in the air with the other one. At the same time he switched his tail back and forth thinking, for all I know, that maybe the red, white and blue sand flea was going to bite him, and he would be ready to hit the little jumping fellow with his tail. But, as you know, the flea and all the rest of Uncle Wiggily's friends were on the ship, and they couldn't get back to save him, for, after the elephant got through blowing on the sail, a regular wind came along and made the vessel go faster than ever.

"Who says I've got to let this rabbit go?" asked the elephant, and this time he had tight hold of Uncle Wiggily's two ears in the inchy-pinchy part of the long rubber hose trunk. "Who says so?"

"I do!" cried the voice again. "Let go. Tag! You're it!"

And with that down came a big cocoanut,

hitting the elephant on the back, and he was so surprised that he jumped up and down like a bouncing rubber ball, and let go of the rabbit gentleman's ears very quickly, let me tell you.

"Run, Uncle Wiggily! Run!" cried the voice up in the tree. "I'll tag him again!" and another cocoanut, and still another, making three in all, came down, hitting the elephant, so often that the big fellow was glad enough to run away as fast as he could.

"My! That was a narrow escape for me," thought Uncle Wiggily, when he saw the elephant disappear behind a hill of sand, and then, looking up in the tree, the rabbit gentleman asked:

"To whom have I the honor of being under obligations for the saving of my life? Ahem!" And Uncle Wig—I call him that for short—he puffed out his chest as he used those big words in such a polite voice.

Those words meant this, you know: "Who threw the cocoanuts at the elephant?" and Uncle Wiggily used them just to be sort of fancy-like. But I think you have already imagined who it was up in the tree. The cocoanut monkey, of course. I knew you could guess.

"I drove the elephant away, because I'm a

friend of yours," said the monkey, sliding down the tree by his curly tail.

"But I thought you were on the ship with the others," said the rabbit gentleman, surprised-like.

"I was," replied the monkey, "but I jumped off just as the elephant blew the boat away, and I came back here to save you. Besides, I am expecting company at my house to-night, and I really ought not to go off on a trip around the world. So I decided to come back. Now, as the ship has sailed so far away, won't you kindly stay with me to-night?" invited the monkey.

"I believe I will," answered Uncle Wiggily, after thinking it over. "But I wonder if I will ever see the ship again and meet my friends?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as the wind blows the other way I'm sure Grandpa Goosey will steer back here to get you," said the monkey. "Meanwhile, come with me, and I will make you as comfortable as I can in my house."

So that's how it was Uncle Wiggily went to the monkey's house to stay over night. The house was a very nice one, made of banana leaves, and the monkey lived there with his wife and children. And all around on the walls of that house, and hanging from the ceiling, were

ladders and long vines, like ropes, and big rings, such as some parrots have in their cages, and there were trapeze bars such as circus perfomers go to sleep on, and all things like that.

"What are they for?" asked Uncle Wiggily, sort of puzzled-like.

"They are for the children to practice on," replied the cocoanut monkey. "My children have to learn to hang by their tails, and by their feet and hands, and by their chins. And the very last lesson of all is when they hang by their eyelids. When they can do that they graduate into the highest double X, Y, Z class, and then they are allowed to pick cocoanuts."

"My! I never knew that," said Uncle Wiggily more surprised than ever.

"Attention, children!" called the monkey. "Begin practice!"

And at that I just wish you could have seen those little monkeys, but I'm not allowed to take you to their house just yet. Perhaps some other time I may. Anyhow those little monkeys did so many tricks, and jumped about and hung upside down and sideways so very fast, that Uncle Wiggily was just dizzy from watching them.

Then it was supper time, and, after dark, when

Uncle Wiggily had read a Bedtime story to the little monkey children they all went to sleep.

And in the middle of the night, when all was still and quiet, there was a noise in the monkey's house. Uncle Wiggily sat up, and looked toward a window. In the moonlight he could see a long thing, like a fire hose, sticking in through the open window, and feeling all around inside as if it wanted to catch some one.

"Oh, a snake! A snake!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"What?" shouted the big papa monkey, as he jumped out of bed. "A snake? That's no snake! It's the bad elephant's trunk he's sticking in here. He's after you again. Get out of here!" shouted the monkey.

And with that he caught up some powdered sugar, which his wife used to sprinkle on cocoanuts, and he threw the sugar at the elephant's trunk. And the big animal snuffed it up, and sneezed so hard that he shook the whole house, and then he ran off, taking his trunk with him, and he didn't bother Uncle Wiggily any more that night, and the rabbit gentleman and the monkeys slept in peace and quietness.

And in case the umbrella doesn't fall off the

top of the house and break its ribs so that it can't play in a mud puddle with a snow ball I'll tell you in the chapter after this about Uncle Wiggily falling off.

CHAPTER XI

UNCLE WIGGILY FALLS OFF

It was the day after the night when Uncle Wiggily had stayed in the monkey's house, and the bad elephant had scared them all by sticking his trunk in the window. The monkey drove the elephant away by sprinkling powdered sugar on him, you remember.

So the next morning Uncle Wiggily arose early and went out to walk along the desert island. He thought perhaps he might see the ship sailing back to him, for he was lonesome for his friends.

But the bad elephant had blown the ship far, far off, and Uncle Wiggily could not see it.

The rabbit gentleman was sadly gazing out to sea, when, all of a sudden, he heard a whirr of wings behind him. At first he thought it might be Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy, but though he saw it was a bird, flying along, Uncle Wiggily could tell at once it was not Dickie. This bird was much larger than Dickie.

"Ah ha! Good-morning!" said the big bird. "I hope you remember me," and down he flew on the sandy beach.

"Why, yes, I do," said Uncle Wiggily slowly. "You are the fish hawk."

"Exactly!" said the big bird. "But why do you look so sad, if I may ask?"

"Because the bad elephant blew the ship, and all my friends, far, far away," answered the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, if that is all, you will soon be happy again," said the kind fish hawk. "Perch yourself up on my back and I will fly with you to where the ship is, with all your friends on board."

"That will be nice," Uncle Wiggily said, so up he hopped on the back of the big bird, who at once arose up in the air with the rabbit gentleman.

"Do you really think you can fly with me to the ship that is running along on baby carriage wheels," asked Uncle Wiggily, the nice old gentleman rabbit, of the kind fish hawk, as soon as he was comfortably perched on the back of the big airship bird.

"Oh, yes, there is no doubt of it," replied the fish hawk, as he flapped his wings, and rose

higher and higher into the air. "I will fly as fast as I can, and soon we will catch up to the ship, wherever it is."

"And then what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, anxious-like.

"Then I will let you and myself gently down upon the deck, and you will be with your friends again," spoke the fish hawk.

"Oh, you are very kind," said Uncle Wiggily. "I wish I could do you some favor. Would you not like to come on board the ship with us, after we find it, and travel all around the desert island?"

"No," replied the fish hawk, flapping his broad wings, and flying on and on. "I had much rather be high up in the air, though, at the same time, I am very much obliged to you. So now hold fast, with your paws, for I am going to fly harder than ever."

Well, Uncle Wiggily did so, and really that fish hawk flew almost as fast as an express train, or an automobile when a policeman isn't looking at it. Faster and faster the bird flew, and the wind whistled through his tail feathers, and through Uncle Wiggily's ears, until all he could hear was a sort of swishing, swashing sound, like a hand organ out of tune.

"Do you see anything of your ship yet?" asked the fish hawk, as he flew on over hills and valleys.

"Not yet," answered Uncle Wiggily, sorrowfully.

Then the bird flew on some more, over big stretches of woods and places all covered with sand, where nothing at all grew except pink fleas, who hopped sideways and all around and played leap frog over each others' backs.

"Do you see your ship yet?" asked the big bird once more.

"Not yet," replied Uncle Wiggily, looking as hard as he could with his pink eyes. And he made his nose twinkle like a diamond ring when the gas is lighted, thinking perhaps he could smell the breakfast which Grandfather Goosey Gander might be cooking.

But it was of no use, and the ship, with the baby carriage wheels, in which all of Uncle Wiggily's friends were sailing away from the desert island, was not in sight.

All of a sudden the rabbit gentleman looked behind him, and he saw something big and black sailing through the air after the fish hawk.

"Something is chasing us," he said to the airship bird.

"Maybe it is a cloud, blown by the wind," spoke the hawk.

"No, it doesn't look like a cloud," replied Uncle Wiggily.

"Then perhaps it is a circus balloon, that ran away from some little boy or girl," suggested the fish hawk, as he flapped his wings harder than ever.

"No, it doesn't look like a circus balloon," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "They are always colored red or green or blue, and this thing is black."

"Don't tell me it's the eagle flying after us!" cried the fish hawk, wiggling his tail up and down as well as sideways.

"I'm afraid that's who it is," said Uncle Wiggily. "It looks like some big bird."

"Then I have certainly got to fly," cried the fish hawk. "For that eagle-bird doesn't like me, and, if he catches me, he may pull out some of my feathers. Hold fast, for I'm going to fly faster than I ever flew before. Hold fast!"

Well, Uncle Wiggily tucked his ears down along his sides, so they wouldn't be in the way, and he crouched down on the back of the fish hawk, and that bird flew, and flew, and flew,

until the wind fairly whistled a Yankee Doodle tune through his tail feathers.

Faster and faster the fish hawk flew, but the eagle came on very rapidly also, and at last the eagle-bird had caught up to the fish hawk.

"Ah ha!" cried the eagle. "Now I have you. I am going to carry you off to my nest."

"Oh, please don't, for I have Uncle Wiggily on my back!" cried the fish hawk. "Please wait until I take him to his ship."

But do you s'pose the eagle would do that kindness? Indeed he would not! All at once he flew at the fish hawk, who tried to get out of the way. But he could not, and, the first thing he knew the eagle had pulled out a beak-full of feathers.

Then began a terrible time. That impolite eagle treated that fish hawk so meanly that the bird, with Uncle Wiggily on his back, had to jump about, and fly up and down, as well as sideways and backwards.

And, all at once, as the fish hawk was flying around in a somer-peppersault, to get out of the way of the eagle, Uncle Wiggily suddenly fell off the back of the friendly bird.

Down and down the rabbit gentleman went, just as if he had toppled out of a balloon.

"Oh, help! What shall I do? I'll be smashed all to pieces! I'll break my flippery-floppery ears!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

Down and down he went, faster and faster. The fish hawk was having all he could do to keep away from the eagle, and he could not help the rabbit gentleman. Closer and closer to the earth fell poor Uncle Wiggily. Wasn't it dreadful?

"Open your umbrella! Open your umbrella!" the fish hawk cried, for very luckily the rabbit gentleman had his umbrella with him. "Open it," chattered the fish hawk, "and it will make you fall easier. It will be like a balloon-parachute."

So Uncle Wiggily hoisted the umbrella, and he began at once to fall more slowly, for the open umbrella sort of held the air under it, and let it out gradually. The rabbit gentleman looked down and he saw that he was dropping toward a big tree. And, up over his head, the eagle was still pulling the tail feathers out of the kind fish hawk.

"Oh, I wonder what will become of me?" thought Uncle Wiggily, as he fell down farther and farther with his umbrella. And what happened next I'll tell you in the chapter after this,

when, in case the lady cutting the grass doesn't run the lawn mower over the poodle dog and take off all his fur, the Bedtime story will be about Uncle Wiggily in a tree.

CHAPTER XII

UNCLE WIGGILY IN A TREE

ALL of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman was falling down, with his umbrella, as I told you in the story before this one—all of a sudden he happened to look toward his hind feet and he saw that they were pointed straight for a tree.

"Well, if I fall into that it will not be quite as bad as though I fell on the hard ground," said Uncle Wiggily, keeping a tight hold of his umbrella.

Down he went, down and down, and then, all at once, right into the tree he fell. But the branches were so soft that he was hardly hurt at all. But something else happened to him.

As soon as he could open his eyes, after falling, Uncle Wiggily looked all about him, and whom do you think he saw down on the ground under the tree? Why Johnnie Bushytail, the little boy squirrel who could eat nuts.

"Perhaps he can help me out of the tree," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll ask him." So he called: "Johnnie! Johnnie Bushytail!"

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily," answered Johnnie, looking up. "Why, how did you get up there?" he wanted to know.

"I'll tell you about that part of it when I get down," said the rabbit gentleman. "That is if I can ever get down," he went on.

"Of course you can get down!" chattered Johnnie. "I'll get you down all right," and with that he began frisking about and chasing his tail.

"Well, but how are you going to get me down?" asked Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman, of the boy squirrel, who was frisking about at the foot of the tree.

And, really, without any fooling and cross my heart, it did seem like a hard thing to do. For Uncle Wiggily had fallen right into the middle of the tree, and one, short, sharp branch was caught under the back of his coat where he could not reach it, and it held him fast, like a coat hung on the hat tree in the front hall.

"Oh, I'll find a way," replied the boy squirrel. "Let me think a bit."

"Perhaps, these will help you to think bet-

ter," said the rabbit gentleman, and, reaching one paw into the pocket of his coat, he pulled out some peanuts that he had saved from the lobster gentleman's party. Uncle Wiggily dropped the nuts down to Johnnie Bushytail, who was very glad to get them, and the squirrel boy sat up on the end of his tail, held them in his paws and gnawed out the kernels with his sharp teeth.

"Well, have you thought of a way yet?" asked Uncle Wiggily after a bit. "I am getting tired up here."

"I think I have," answered Johnnie. "But I need a long string to get you down—a very long string."

"I have one," spoke Uncle Wiggily up in the tree, so he tied a peanut to the end of the string, and dropped it down to the boy squirrel.

"Now," said Johnnie, "I am going to come up there. You must tie the string around your waist and put the other end of it over a limb above your head. Then I'll get down on the ground and pull on the loose end of the string. That will lift you off the limb which is caught under your coat. Then I can lower you to the ground."

"Molasses and sauerkraut!" cried Uncle

Wiggily. "That is certainly fine and dandy! Hurry up, Johnnie! Hurry!"

So the squirrel scrambled up the tree, for that is very easy for squirrels to do, you know. And soon he had helped the rabbit to tie the string about his waist and put the loose end over a limb, just like the clothesline on the pulley-pole in the yard, only the rabbit string was straight up and down, insead of being stretched out in two long parts, like the clothesline.

"Now I guess I am ready first to hoist you up and next lower you down, Uncle Wiggily," said the squirrel boy, after a bit.

"All right," answered Uncle Wiggily. "But, Johnnie, you know this is a sort of ticklish piece of work. It may be all right and, then again, it may not. Something may happen. So I think it would be just as well for you to tell me now how you came to be on the desert island. Then if I—well, if anything should happen by mistake, I'd know how you got here, and I wouldn't be wondering about it all the while I am in the hospital. Of course, I don't expect to go to the hospital, but you never can tell."

"Oh, I can soon give you the reason for being here," spoke Johnnie. "I came to find you.

All your friends back home are lonesome for you since you left to sail around the world, and so I started off to find you. I made a little paper boat, and I sailed and I sailed. Finally my paper ship began to melt in the water and drop apart, but, luckily, I was close to this island, so I jumped ashore, and I walked along until I heard you calling. And here I am. But, say, Uncle Wiggily, Jennie Chipmunk and Jimmie Wibblewobble have disappeared from home, too. Did you hear about that?"

"Yes, Jennie is here on the desert island with me," the rabbit gentleman said. "Jimmie is on Grandpa Goosey's boat. They are all right. Oh, if ever I get loose and on our ship again with my friends, I will be so thankful."

"You'll soon be there," spoke Johnnie. And with that he scrambled down to the ground, so that he could pull on the cord and lift Uncle Wiggily off the branch on which the rabbit gentleman was caught in the tree.

Johnny Bushytail took a good hold of the string, and then he began to pull. At first nothing happened. Uncle Wiggily never stirred. He was still caught hard and fast.

"Pull harder," the rabbit cried to the squirrel

boy. "Don't be afraid of hurting me. Pull harder."

So Johnnie pulled as hard as he could, and then Uncle Wiggily began to feel himself rising.

"I'm moving! I'm moving!" the old rabbit gentleman cried. "Don't let me slip, Johnny."

"I won't!" answered the boy squirrel.

But alas! Likewise alack-a-day! And also some soap bubbles with ice cream cones inside of them, flavored with orange.

All of a sudden the string slipped through Johnnie's paws. Now if Uncle Wiggily had not been lifted off the short branch that had held him fast he might not have fallen, for his coat would have slipped on over the stick again; and he would have been held there. But things seldom happen just as you want them to, in this world; do they? No, I guess not!

Anyhow, the string slipped, and Uncle Wiggily slipped, and then he began falling down through the tree. It didn't take very long, either.

"Oh, I'm going down! I'm going down!" the rabbit gentleman cried, just like a man in the elevator. And truly he was going down.

"Oh, stop! Stop!" shouted Johnnie Bushy-

tail, but of course that did no good. Down and down Uncle Wiggily fell, until, all of a sudden he had fallen all the way out of the tree and right into the middle of a big thorny rose bush. But listen to this part of it, if you please.

Instead of being all scratched up, as might have happened, the rabbit gentleman had fallen right into the center of a big, last year's bird's nest, all lined with cotton wool, and fuzz from a sofa cushion. And there he was, as snug as snug could be, only of course he could not get out without getting all scratched to pieces. So he had to stay in the nest in the bush.

"Oh dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily, while Johnnie Bushytail wiggled his paws. "Something is always happening to me. If it isn't one thing it's another! How am I to get out of this bush?"

Poor Uncle Wiggily was now almost as badly off as when he had fallen into the tree. But still it might have been worse. You know there is nothing in this world so bad but what it might not be worse. So think of that, and be happy when something unpleasant happens. Uncle Wiggily thought that way.

"Well, it's a good thing I'm not all scratched up," the rabbit remarked to Johnnie, who was

now frisking around outside the bush. "The old bird's nest is nice and soft."

"I am glad you fell into that, instead of on the thorns and briars," Johnnie said. "But, oh dear! I don't know how you are ever to get out of that bush."

"Nor I, either," Uncle Wiggily said, sadly-like.

But just then, all of a sudden, along came a circus camel, who had had nothing to eat in a long time. Now for some reason or other camels like thorn bushes. I don't know why myself, or I would tell you, and I did look all through the geography to find a reason, but I could not. So you will have to take my word for it. Camels do like prickly thorn bushes.

And when the camel saw the bush inside of which Uncle Wiggily was caught, like a gold fish in a mouse trap, that camel just began to eat the bush, beginning at the outside, and soon he had eaten so much that there was a passage way, like a little street, for Uncle Wiggily to walk through, without getting scratched a bit.

"Ah, that was very kind of you, to do that," said the rabbit gentleman to the camel, making a low bow.

"Pray do not mention it," answered the

humppy creature as he went on eating thorns. And so Uncle Wiggily got safely out of the bush after all, you see, and after resting a bit he started to walk along the shore of the desert island, wondering what next would happen to him. And Johnnie Bushytail scampered off to see if he could find any roast peanuts growing on the rubber plant, where peanuts sometimes stay, when it rains, to keep their shells dry.

And in the next chapter I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the red cave, and I hope the doll's stockings on our clothes line don't dance over into the next yard so the rag baby has nothing to wear on her feet when she goes to the moving pictures.

CHAPTER XIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RED CAVE

ALONG and along the shores of the desert island, where he had been shipwrecked, walked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman. He was beginning to feel lonesome, for he was all alone, and he wished Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, would scamper back to keep him company.

But Johnnie, I think, was still looking for hot peanuts under the rubber plant.

Then it began to get night.

"Oh dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he wiggled his ears, "it will soon be dark, and what am I to do, all alone as I am?"

For you see his friends were still all on the ship with the baby carriage wheels fastened to it so it could roll on land as well as on the sea.

And thus Uncle Wiggily had no one to look after him, not even the red, white and blue sand flea, for the insect had hopped away. Grandfather Goosey was on the ship, and so was

Jennie Chipmunk, and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried the rabbit gentleman, and then he hopped on as fast as he could to get to some place before it got so completely dark that he couldn't see anything.

Well, pretty soon, in a little while, not so very long, just as he was passing through a little clump of woods, Uncle Wiggily saw what looked to be a nice, big cave, all lined with warm, red flannel. A cave, you know, is a hole in the side of a hill, and you can go in it and sit down to rest.

"This will be the very thing for me!" thought Uncle Wiggily, as he looked into the red cave. "But I wonder why it has such a nice, cozy, bright color?" he asked himself. "At any rate it ought to be warm. Red flannel is good for the rheumatism; they say, and, though mine isn't as bad as it might be, still, I think I will go in the red flannel cave, and stay all night."

So, after looking carefully about, and making sure that the big elephant was not in sight, and that the fuzzy fox was nowhere to be seen, Uncle Wiggily hopped into the red flannel-lined cave.

"Oh ho! My goodness me sakes alive and the

gas stove with cocoanut candy cooking on top of it," exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, as he found himself inside. "It is nice and warm in here. I think I shall sleep very well indeed. And, in the morning I will start off again, and maybe I can catch up to the ship. I hope the elephant doesn't bother me, and make me have unpleasant dreams."

For you know it was the unruly elephant on the desert island who was the cause of many of Uncle Wiggily's troubles. The long-nosed creature had, with his trunk full air, blown the ship away just as the rabbit gentleman was going to take a sail on it, and that's why Uncle Wiggily was lost.

Well, Uncle Wiggily settled himself in the red flannel-lined cave, just as the people up at the north pole crawl into a fur bag, so their feet won't freeze. And almost before he knew it, Uncle Wiggily began to go to sleep.

He could hear the Katy-dids, and the Katy-didn'ts singing away, and the frogs were croaking, and he could hear the fire-flies scratching wax matches to light their lanterns. And then—and then—all—at—once—Uncle Wiggily was—fast—asleep!

He did not know exactly how long he slept

but, all at once, he was awakened by feeling the red cave moving. Yes, just as true as I'm telling you, and some roller skates besides, the cave began to go up and down, and sideways, and through the middle also.

"My!" cried Uncle Wiggily, rubbing his eyes with his ears, "I wonder if I could have gotten on the baby-carriage-wheeled ship by mistake, and have been blown out on the ocean?"

So he sat up, and looked about as well as he could in the darkness. He would not have been able to see at all, only that a lightning bug, just then, flew inside the red cave, and, flashing the little lantern which he carried under his wings, he showed Uncle Wiggily a curious sight.

For the red flannel cave was growing smaller. Yes, really it was. It seemed to be sort of shutting down like a trap. The roof was nearer the floor than it had been when first Uncle Wiggily crawled in it, and then he saw something else.

He saw some big white things sticking up on the edge of the cave, and, all at once, he knew that they were large teeth! Burr-r-r! Think of that!

Then there came a sound like a big snore—

just as if it were the elephant talking in his sleep, and Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Oh, I see it all, now. I've made a terrible mistake. This isn't a red flannel cave at all. It's the mouth of a hippopotamus circus animal! He was sleeping with his red mouth open, and I took it for a cave and walked in! Now he has awakened, he is closing his mouth and I will be caught! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, to be inside the mouth of a hippopotamus, as one of the Bow-Wow dogs once was! Oh! Woe is me! Woe! Woe!"

Well the hippo (which I call him for short) the hippo kept on closing his mouth, making it smaller and smaller. Uncle Wiggily jumped up and tried to hop out of the queer red cave, but just then the hippo began to wiggle his red tongue, and that made his mouth more slippery than ever, so that the rabbit gentleman could hardly stand up.

"Oh, I'll never get out!" cried the rabbit gentleman; "never!"

Tighter and tighter the hippo kept shutting his mouth, and Uncle Wiggily was almost caught, when he happened to think of a bottle of corks which he carried with him, and out of which he had once made a life-preserver.

Quickly taking some of these corks, the rabbit put them in between the teeth of the hippo, so that the two jaws of the big animal could not shut tightly together. The corks held the teeth apart, you see.

"Now, I guess I am safe for a minute!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as the hippo bit on the corks. And they were so soft and spongy that the hippo could not bite through them, and so his jaws did not go completely shut, and there was just room for Uncle Wiggily to jump safely out of the hippo's red flannel cave mouth between the teeth. And suddenly Uncle Wiggily found himself in the dark, standing just outside the jaws of the hippo.

"Oh, what shall I do now?" the rabbit gentleman cried, and really it did seem rather hard. For the hippo had gone to sleep and his mouth was closed, though Uncle Wiggily would not have gone in had it been open.

But just wait, if you please, and see what happens next. If you go to bed now I'll be able to think of another story for the next chapter; and, if it should happen that the man who is digging a hole in our yard doesn't fall down in it and knock the gooseberries all off the rose bush, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the goat gentleman.

CHAPTER XIV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GOAT GENTLEMAN

Poor Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman, was standing outside the big red cave, which was made from the red-flannel-lined mouth of the hippopotamus.

"Well, whatever am I going to do next?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "Something new and strange seems to happen to me every other minute. I don't know what to do. Soon it will be night, and where I am going to stay is more than I know."

Just then there was a rustling in the bushes, and before Uncle Wiggily could hop out of the way, along came the bad circus elephant.

"Now don't be afraid, Uncle Wiggily," the elephant said, quickly. "I'm not going to harm you in the least. I came back to tell you how sorry I am that I blew away your ship, and all your friends. I am very sorry."

"Well, if you are sorry, why don't you blow the ship back again?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as

by this time it was getting quite dark, and the rabbit gentleman wanted a place to spend the night.

"I will blow it back!" the elephant said. "I never thought of that. I'm glad you reminded me. It's the least I can do after the unpleasant manner in which I acted."

So then the elephant blew down his trunk backwards, and, all of a sudden a big wind arose, and something appeared far out on the ocean waves.

"Here comes Grandfather Goosey Gander's ship," said the circus elephant. "I'm blowing it back!"

"Oh, how glad I am," exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. He looked across the waves, and as the ship came nearer and nearer the rabbit gentleman could see all his friends on board. Grandpa Goosey had lighted the firefly lanterns.

On and on came the ship, until it had gently come to a stop on the beach near Uncle Wiggily.

"Come on up!" cried Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck.

"Yes, do come up!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, the little squirrel girl, and the comical clam, and the red white and blue flea, and the cocoanut

monkey and Grandpa Goosey Gander, and every one on the ship just teased Uncle Wiggily to come on board.

And he did it, too. They lowered a rope to him, and when he had hold of it they pulled him up, and soon he was on deck again, safe and sound, and ready to go on sailing around the world with the goose gentleman to see what they could discover.

"Well, shall we go on sailing?" asked Grandpa Goosey, when he had held out one wing for Uncle Wiggily to shake with his paw. "My! But we are glad to see you again! What happened to you?"

"Well, I am glad to be back," spoke Uncle Wiggily, and he told of his adventures on the desert island, and how the elephant had first blown the ship away, and, later, had blown it back again.

And Grandfather Goosey, and the others, told how they had gone on sailing and sailing because the wind kept blowing and blowing, and because the ship rolled so easily on the baby carriage wheels. They had had some adventures too.

"Well, shall we now keep on sailing?" asked Grandpa Goosey again, when Uncle Wiggily

had told all his troubles, and the papa and mamma and baby elephants had come out with a June bug lantern to see the strange vessel on wheels.

"I think the morning will be time enough," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Besides, I want to get some ice cream cones to take with us on our voyage, for the weather is going to be very hot soon and the ice cream will cool us off. I will buy a lot of ice cream cones."

"Can you get them here?" asked Jennie Chipmunk, quite anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" replied the rabbit gentleman. "I will buy some from the goat gentleman, who keeps a candy store on this desert island."

So in the morning, after every one had had a good sleep, they said good-bye to the elephant family, and Grandfather Goosey Gander sailed the ship to the place where the goat gentleman sold ice cream cones.

"Now tell me what kind you want," said Uncle Wiggily. And all his friends did. Some wanted strawberry, and some chocolate, and some vanilla, and Uncle Wiggily had to flipple his ears many times before he could remember all the different flavors. But he finally did, and then he went into the ice cream cone store.

"Hello! Hello!" he called, as he walked up to the counter. But, would you ever believe it if I didn't tell you? No, I'm sure you wouldn't. But, as true as I'm writing this, the goat gentleman wasn't there. His store was all open, and no one was in it except Uncle Wiggily.

"My! This is strange!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "I wonder where the goat is?"

Then he saw a piece of paper, and on it was written:

"I've gone to sea, to get some salt,
An ice cream cone to freeze.
When I come back,
I'll bring a sack,
And make the pepper sneeze."

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, "I don't see much sense to that, except that the goat gentleman has gone to get some salt from the ocean, and that he'll soon be back. I'll wait for him."

So he told those on the ship that they would have to wait a while for their ice cream cones, and then the rabbit gentleman looked down toward the ocean to see if he could discover the goat gentleman.

All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily saw a big wave in the water, and he heard a voice calling:

"Help! Help! I've fallen in!"

Then the rabbit saw that the goat gentleman had leaned over too far, in dipping up some of the salty water, and surely enough, he had fallen in. There he was, struggling in the ocean.

"Oh, I must save him! I must save him!" cried Uncle Wiggily as he ran down the beach. And, just before he got there, he saw the hammer-headed shark swimming up to hit the goat gentleman on his horns, and maybe break them, for all I know.

"Oh, I shall have to do something very quickly!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What shall I do? Wait. I have it. I'll fill an empty ice cream cone with sand and throw it out in the shark's eyes. That will blind him, and then I will have a chance to save the goat gentleman."

And that's just what Uncle Wiggily did. He ran to the store, got an empty ice cream cone, and filled it full of fine sand. Then he threw it out as far as he could throw it, point first and it landed right on the nose of the hammer-headed shark.

The sand scattered all out, made the shark

blink and wink and sneeze ker-choo so hard that he couldn't see to grab the goat gentleman. Then Uncle Wiggily called out:

"Quick, Grandpa Goosey! Sail the ship out in the water, and rescue the goat gentleman." And the kind old goose gentleman did this, for now there was no danger from the shark, who had swam away. The goat gentleman was pulled up on deck, and his pail of salt, with which he was going to freeze ice cream cones, came with him. Then the shark sank away down under water to wash the sand out of his eyes, and everybody was happy.

"Now we can sail our ship on the sea again," said Uncle Wiggily, "and when we want to sail on land we can do that also, by means of the baby carriage wheels. Hurray!"

"But first put me on shore so I can make you some ice cream cones," spoke the goat gentleman, after thanking them for saving him from the shark. So they landed him on shore, and with the salt he froze a lot of ice cream cones, chocolate and vanilla and even mustard flavored ones, for those who liked them, and a cabbage-lettuce one for Uncle Wiggily.

Then, with the ship well filled with ice cream cones, our friends all sailed away again and the

next thing that happened was, well, I'll tell you about that in the next chapter—that is if the sidewalk doesn't run off and go roller skating with the man in the moon.

CHAPTER XV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TEA PARTY

"WELL, how are you this morning, Jimmie Wibblewobble?" asked Uncle Wiggily, the old gentleman rabbit, as he looked at the tip of his left ear to see if it was sharp enough to scratch a mosquito bite with. "Did you sleep well?"

"Indeed I did," answered the little duck boy, as he spread out his wings, to see if they had grown any during the night.

"And so did I," added Jennie Chipmunk, who was paying Uncle Wiggily a visit on the ship that was sailing across the duck pond ocean, on a voyage of discovery.

"Well, I certainly am most delighted to find you both so well this morning," went on the old gentleman rabbit, as he jumped over a cheese box. "And I hope that the comical clam, and the red, white and blue sand flea, and even the big elephant also had a good night."

"Why?" asked Jimmie Wibblewobble, sort of curious-like.

"Because I am going to give a little tea party on the deck of the ship this evening," said Uncle Wiggily, "and if you all rested well last night, no one will get sleepy, and gap and yawn and stretch. If there's any one thing more annoying than another," spoke Uncle Wiggily, carefully combing out his whiskers, "it is to have some one gappy at a party. I detest it! That means I don't like it," he explained to Jennie Chipmunk. "But, anyhow, I'm going to give a party."

"Oh, a really truly party!" cried the little squirrel girl. "How nice! And may we all come?"

"To be sure," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I would even invite the hammer-headed shark, if I had his address, but perhaps it is just as well for him not to come. He might start hammering away at the cakes and things, and create trouble. So we'll just have the party by ourselves. Grandfather Goosey and I will give it."

The old gentleman goose was delighted when Uncle Wiggily told about going to have a tea party, and soon they began to get ready for it. The ship sailed on and on over the duck pond ocean, and many wonderful things were to be seen.

There were clouds in the sky, that looked like fairy palaces, and castles and caves where good giants lived, and then up from the ocean sprang a kind, old mooley sea-cow, bringing a lot of bread and milk in a tin horn, for hungry girls and boys.

But no one paid much attention to these things because they were all so busy getting ready for Uncle Wiggily's tea party. The deck of the ship was all trimmed up with red, white and blue paper, to match the colors of the sand flea, who helped put up the decorations. Then there was a place to play games, and a place to serve the tea and cakes and ice cream cones which the goat gentleman made out of frozen lemonade.

"Oh, it seems as if night would never come!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, for she was so anxious for that party. And so was Jimmie Wibble-wobble. But at last it got dark, and all the fairy Japanese lanterns were lighted, and hung about the deck of the ship which still sailed on and on.

"All ready for the party!" suddenly cried Uncle Wiggily, and then the rubber band began to play "Away Down South in Dixie," and everyone came marching up on deck.

I wish I could tell you all the things they did at Uncle Wiggily's party, but I'm not allowed

to, at least not just now. Anyhow they played all sorts of games, even including the funny one of "Hide the Gas Stove."

Then, all of a sudden, just as they were sitting down to the table, and Uncle Wiggily was passing the ice cream cones, there was a big noise down in the ocean, at one side of the ship, and a voice cried out:

"Oh, a drink! A drink! Will no one give me a drink of cold tea, I am so thirsty! So thirsty!"

Then, before anyone could do anything, a big salty codfish leaped up from the water right on the deck of the ship, and there he flipped and flopped around, splashing everyone with his flat tail.

"Here! Please behave yourself!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What is the matter with you? Were you never at a tea party before?"

"Never, never," replied the codfish. "Oh, a drink of cold tea, please! You see the cook left me in the salty water so long that I'm as thirsty as a circus elephant for pink peanut lemonade."

"Oh, then that's different, and, of course, we'll give you a drink," said Uncle Wiggily, who was kind to everyone. So he brought out a big pitcher full of cold tea, for he had that as well

as some hot tea at his party, and the salty codfish drank as much as ever he pleased, and felt better.

"Thank you very kindly," spoke the codfish, as he was about to flop back into the water. "Some day I may be able to do you a kindness." And the time came sooner than he expected it would.

Not long after that, all of a sudden, a big, wild eagle bird swooped down from out of the sky, and screamed out:

"Oh, I'm going to catch every one in my beak and claws and carry them off to my nest. I guess I'll begin on the rabbit. Here I come!"

Well, he was just going to grab up Uncle Wiggily, when, all of a sudden, the codfish very cleverly just splashed a lot of salty water on the eagle's tail, and do you know, no sooner had this happened than the eagle wasn't wild any more, but had become tame and gentle.

You know you can catch and tame any wild bird, just by sprinkling salt on its tail. But you first have to catch the bird, wait a few days, and then the salt has to be just the right kind, and go on just the right spot, so I wouldn't advise you to try it. But it has been done so I am told.

But, anyhow, the wild eagle was tamed in a

moment by the salt water which the codfish splashed on his tail, and then the big bird said he was sorry for having been bad, and scaring dear Uncle Wiggily, and the eagle stayed at the party and had a good time with the others.

And in the middle of the night, after the party was over, and when every one was asleep, the fussy old alligator climbed up on the ship and was going to bite Grandpa Goosey, but the tame eagle nipped the bad alligator on the end of its tail and drove him away. So you see eagles are of some use after all.

And, to-morrow night, in case the primary reading class doesn't go up in the kindergarten room and paint all the blackboards white, to make looking glasses for the pieces of chalk, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the ballot-box.

CHAPTER XVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BALLOT BOX

"EVERYBODY come here!" called Grandfather Goosey Gander, the morning after the codfish had put salt on the tail of the wild eagle, and made him tame and gentle. "Everybody come here. I have just thought of the finest thing ever, to do!"

"Hadn't we better have breakfast first," suggested Uncle Wiggily gently. He was one of those careful rabbit gentlemen, who always like to start the day with something to eat, and then if anything happens afterward, it isn't their fault. So Uncle Wiggily said again:

"What about breakfast, Grandpa Goosey?"

"Oh, breakfast can wait a few minutes!" exclaimed the goose gentleman, carefully feeling of the doorknob on top of his head, to see if he had forgotten his night key, but he hadn't.

"My! It must be something very important!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Tell us about it."

"I'm going to," replied the goose gentleman. "I'll just mention what it is, and then we can talk more about it at the breakfast table."

"Oh, I know!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, as she came up on deck, brushing out her curly-urly tail. "It's going to be another tea-party."

"No, I say a fishing party," cried Jimmie Wibblewobble, the little duck chap.

"Or else a chowder party," spoke the comical clam, laughing between his two shells so no one would hear him.

"All wrong! All wrong," said Grandpa Goosey, tickling Uncle Wiggily between the ears. "I'll tell you. We're going to have an election."

"An election!" cried Jennie. "Pray tell what is that?" and she looked to see if the stripes on her back had turned sideways, but they had not, I am glad to say.

"I know," spoke Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck. "An election is something like a lollypop."

"No," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll tell you, it's like this. You take a ballot-box, which is just any kind of a box that you like, with a bell on it like the one in a cash register or on a trolley car. Then everybody puts a piece of paper, or a

vote in the box, and they count 'em, and the one who gets the most votes is it.

"It's like playing tag backward. Isn't that it, Grandpa Goosey? But if you are going to have an election, whom are you going to elect; a Mayor or a policeman or a school teacher in the kindergarten class, or what? I think a school teacher would be nice to elect."

"Well, maybe she would be," spoke the goose gentleman, "but I'll tell you my idea. I just thought we'd have an election in a ballot-box, to decide who ought to be captain of this ship. Sometimes I act as captain, and sometimes Uncle Wiggily does. I think we ought to vote for and elect some one, and settle it for good and all."

"Very good," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "That isn't such a bad idea. Then we'll always know who is to be captain, and we won't be in any doubt about it. I'll make a ballot box, after breakfast, but now I think we'd better eat."

So they had breakfast, and talked over the election. Then, as the ship sailed on and on still farther, Uncle Wiggily took an old soap box, and cut a hole in the top for the votes to go in. Then he put the dinner bell near it and said:

"Now we are ready for the election. We will each take a piece of paper, and write on it the

name of the one we want for captain. Then we'll drop the pieces in the box. The one who gets the most pieces of paper will win. You can fold the papers up, and drop them in the hole in the ballot-box. I will stand on guard, to see that nothing happens except what ought to happen."

So the election began, shortly after breakfast. Every one on the ship came up in turn and voted, and every time they dropped a piece of paper down in the box Uncle Wiggily would ring the dinner bell as hard as anything, and sometimes harder. That was the way he kept the ballots straight you see.

"When are you going to count the votes?" asked Jimmie Wibblewobble.

"After supper," replied the rabbit gentleman, as he rang the bell again. "Then we will know who is elected."

Well, of course, after Jennie Chipmunk and Jimmie Wibblewobble and the comical clam and the red, white and blue sand flea, and all the other friends, had put their pieces of paper in the box, there wasn't much for Uncle Wiggily to do.

So he sat there in the shade of an awning, on deck, and it was nice and warm, and the ship

was gently sailing on, and the first thing Uncle Wiggily knew he had fallen fast, fast asleep!

And, all of a sudden, he was wide awake again, after he had slept maybe ten minutes, or maybe ten minutes and a half.

And the reason the rabbit gentleman awakened was because, all at once, a big water rat from the ocean sprang on the deck of the ship and started to pull Uncle Wiggily overboard.

"Oh, don't! Stop! Please stop!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Kindly let me go!"

"No!" snarled the savage rat, "I'll not. I'm going to carry you away with me!" and he was just going to; really he was.

Uncle Wiggily looked all around, but he could see none of his friends. I guess they were down in the cellar of the ship, making strawberry ice cream—the kind Cora Janet likes.

Anyhow, there was no one to save Uncle Wiggily from the bad water rat, and the old gentleman rabbit cried sadly:

"Oh, if you are going to take me away, Mr. Rat, at least let me look in the ballot-box to see about the election."

"What's that?" cried the bad rat. "An election in that box, eh? I believe an election is something good to eat. I'll eat that first and you

afterward. Open the box at once; instantly, this minute. Give me the election!"

"But an election isn't good to eat," said Uncle Wiggily, who always told the truth. "It isn't at all good to eat."

"Yes, it is, I'm sure," spoke the rat. "You are trying to fool me!" Wasn't he the silly beastie, though? Well, I guess! "Take the cover off!" the rat cried, and he looked so fierce that Uncle Wiggily did as he was bid.

As soon as the rat saw the white paper election tickets in the ballot-box, he thought they were pop-corn balls, and what did he do, greedy and impolite as he was, but jump, head first, right into the box. And then Uncle Wiggily saw his chance.

As quick as a flash of thunder and lightning the rabbit gentleman clapped the cover back on the ballot-box, fastening the bad rat inside it. Then Uncle Wiggily called for all his friends, who came rushing up on deck.

With ropes they tied the cover fast on the ballot-box, never minding at all about the election votes, because they were so glad to catch the bad rat. Then they dropped him, ballot-box and all, over into the duck pond ocean, where he belonged, and that was the last of him for a week

and ten days or maybe longer, for all I can tell.

" And we'll have to have another election, because nobody was chosen captain," said Uncle Wiggily. " But anyhow, I don't care, as long as the rat didn't get me."

And everybody else was glad, too, and in chapter seventeen, if the pretty little girl in the trolley car gives me a bit of her ice cream cone for the rubber doll's little sister, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the rubber band.

CHAPTER XVII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RUBBER BAND

"WELL, now we'll try and have our election over again," said Grandpa Goosey Gander, the day after the bad rat had been shut up in the ballot box, and dropped overboard off the ship, as I told you in the story before this one. "All our other paper ballots went into the ocean with the water rat, but we can make new ones."

So they had the election over again. But my goodness me sakes alive, and some potato salad without any onions in it! Those animal folks on the ship might just as well have saved their time. And besides Uncle Wiggily had all the trouble of making another ballot box, and fixing up the tickets to drop in it.

For what do you think happened? You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. Everybody voted for everyone else. Uncle Wiggily voted for Grandpa Goosey Gander to be the captain of the ship, and the old goose gentleman voted for his rabbit friend. Jennie Chipmunk voted for

Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, and Jimmie voted for Jennie.

The comical clam, laughing to himself all the while, mind you, voted for the red, white and blue sand flea, and that jumping insect did the same favor for the clam, so they were all even.

And, when they came to open the ballot-box, everybody had just as many votes as anybody else, and so they were all elected, which I think, myself, is the nicest thing that could have happened. Of course you may think it could have been better done some other way, but, anyhow, this is a queer world, and even a rag-man who collects rubber boots sometimes does a lot of good.

Anyhow, that's not what I started to tell you about, but I had to mention the election, and now for the real story. After the ballots were all counted out of the box, and it was found that everybody was to be the captain of the ship on which Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey had started off to sail around the world; after this, I say, Uncle Wiggily began thinking of music.

And the more he thought of it the more he wanted to hear some nice lively, jolly musical Hop-Scotch tunes. But the worst of it was that

there wasn't even so much as a mouth organ on the ship.

"But why don't you have the rubber band play?" asked Grandpa Goosey, when the rabbit gentleman spoke to him about it.

"I believe I will!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I never thought of that. The rubber band will be just fine! I'll do it!"

And he did. This is how:

You children know what a rubber band is, I dare say. It is a thin, stretchy piece of string, made of rubber, and it comes from inside a tree. You ask some one else about that part of it, as I've got to get on with the story.

These rubber bands are just like the stuff in the tip end of your pencil, to rub out wrong marks on paper, only they stretch when you pull them, and they'll snap your fingers if you're not careful. And, if you take a rubber band, and pull it out straight and then jiggle it a bit, with your nose, it sounds like a piano just around the corner of the next street.

So Uncle Wiggily took a lot of rubber bands, some big wide ones, and some tiny little fellows, and he stretched them across a bit of board. Then, by snapping or jiggling one rubber after

the other, he played a tune—in fact, several tunes.

He played " Marching Through America," and " My Georgia, 'Tis of Thee," and " Little Drops of Molasses," and a new tune called " Don't Drop the Baseball on the Baby's Toes."

My! Uncle Wiggily could certainly play those rubber band tunes, and all his friends came up on deck to hear him. On the thin, tiny, weeny bits of bands he'd play the high, tinkly notes—you know, those on the end of the piano, nearest the street. And then, on the big, thick rubber bands, he'd play the away-down-low-bass rumbly, tumbly umbly thunder notes, that are on the other end of the piano, down toward the one-legged lamp.

And, of course, Uncle Wiggily played the notes in between. He didn't skip a one, Uncle Wiggily didn't, and he made lovely music.

Well, finally the rabbit played such fine tunes on the rubber band, sometimes with little tinkly notes that sounded like water dripping over mossy stones in a forest-brook, and again such low, deep notes, that sounded like distant thunder, and in-between notes that made you feel sad and happy, and glad and sorry, and sort

of ice-cream-coney all at once; and then he played another set of notes, like the elaborate elephant snoring in his sleep until, to tell the exact truth, Uncle Wiggily made everybody feel drowsy.

So they all went to bed, but the rabbit gentleman stayed up there on the deck of the ship all alone, playing rubber tunes, until, all of a sudden, a harsh voice cried out:

"Ah, ha! Now I have you. Now I'm going to carry you off to my den!" and who should appear but the bad bear who was always trying to get Uncle Wiggily into trouble. "I've got you!" cried the bear, as he made a rush for the rabbit gentleman. The bear had swum out to the ship from the desert island, you see, and oh! he was a bad bear!

"Yes, I guess you've got me," spoke Uncle Wiggily sadly, for he knew before he could call to his sleeping friends to help him, that the bear would jump on him. "But let me play just one more tune," begged Uncle Wiggily. "Just one!"

"Go ahead!" growled the bear. So Uncle Wiggily, on the rubber bands, played a tune he thought would make the bear feel good and happy, so he would go off and not make trouble.

But do you s'pose the bear cared for music? Not a bit of it.

"That'll do!" he growled as the tune was finished. "Come along, Uncle Wiggily. I'm going to take you off to my den!"

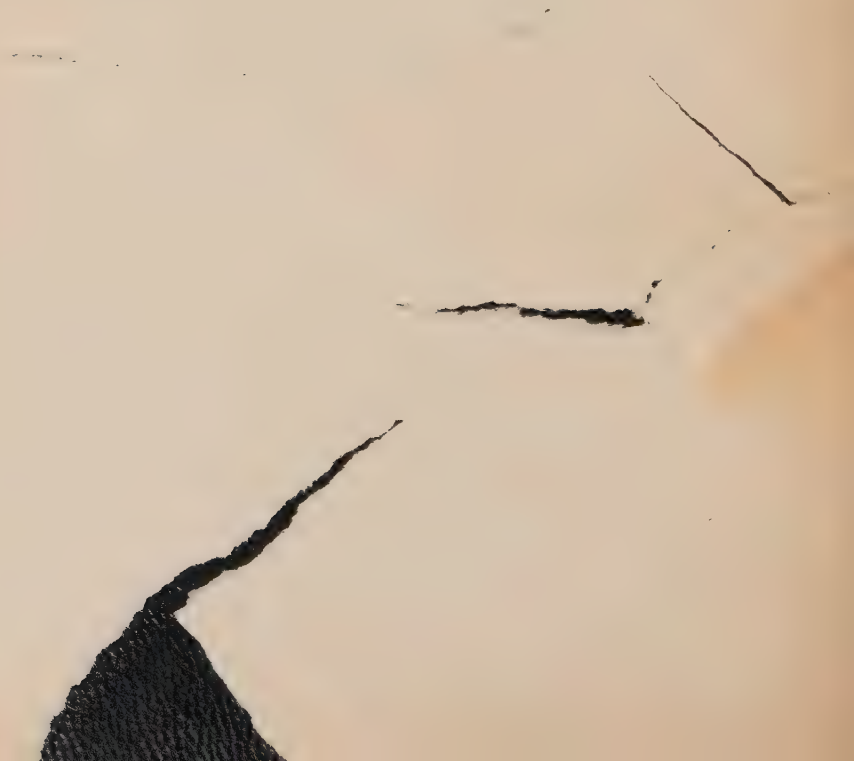
The bear leaned forward to grab Uncle Wiggily, and the savage creature got his nose close to the rubber bands stretched on the board, and all of a sudden, a big, thick, strong, stretchy rubber, the biggest one, that played the low, rumbly, thunder notes—this rubber band broke! Wow!

And say. Talk about a snapping crack! You just ought to have heard that rubber band snap on the bear's soft and tender nose. My! but he jumped with pain and fright.

"I'm shot! I'm poisoned! The Fourth of July has hit me! Wow! Double wow! Wow!" yelled the bear, and overboard he jumped, rubbing his nose with his paw, for the rubber band had given him a snap that lasted for a week and ten days.

"Oh, how lucky I am!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily as he saw the bear swimming away. "After this I will always carry a rubber band with me for bears." And the rabbit gentleman nearly always did.

Then he went to bed, and I'm going myself, so I guess I'll say good night now, but in case the sparrow sitting out on the telephone wire doesn't ring the front door bell, and want an ice cream sandwich for the clothes line, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the sewing machine.



CHAPTER XVIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SEWING MACHINE

"Oh, dear!" one day exclaimed little Jennie Chipmunk in her most sorrowful Monday morning voice. "Oh, dear!"

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked nice old Uncle Wiggily, the rabbit gentleman, hopping up and down on the deck of the ship on which were many of his friends, including Grandfather Goosey Gander, who were sailing around the world. "What has happened, Jennie?"

"Oh, everything!" exclaimed the little squirrel girl. "I just got an invitation to Jimmie Wibblewobble's ice cream cone party, and I can't go."

"Indeed! Why is that?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he looked over the side of the ship to see if the salty waves had splashed into the ice cream freezer. "Did Jimmie get angry at you after he asked you to the party, and say you couldn't come?" inquired Uncle Wiggily.

"No, not exactly that," replied the little squirrel girl. "Jimmie is too polite and nice to be angry, or to keep anyone away from his party once he asked them."

"But why is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Why do you say, 'Oh, dear?'"

"Because I didn't get my new dress from the dressmaker; that's why," replied Jennie Chipmunk. "You know, as soon as I heard about Jimmie going to give a party I ordered a new dress. It was to have dingle-dangles down the front and hi-diddle-diddles on the side, and flipsy-flopsies in the middle, and on one shoulder there were to be tittle-cum-tattle-cums, and on the other some wizzie-wazzies. Oh, it was to be beautiful, and here the dress-maker, who is a tailor bird, living in a tall tree, sends me word that she can't get the dress finished on time, and I shall have to wear an old one to Jimmie's party."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," spoke Uncle Wiggily; "perhaps the old dress will be just as nice as the new one. In fact," he said, "I can't see much difference, anyhow. In the old days the dresses were big at the bottom and little at the top, and nowadays they're little at the bottom and big at the top. It is very much the same thing."

"Huh! I guess you wouldn't say that if you had to wear a dress with a hole in it!" cried Jennie Chipmunk.

"A hole in your dress!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Say not another word. As long as you can't have your new dress to wear to Jimmie's ice cream cone party. I'll mend the hole in the old one for you, and you can wear that."

"Oh, joy!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, "but how can you mend the hole in my old dress? It is a bad tear. I caught it in a barbed wire fence on the desert island one day."

"Have no fear," spoke Uncle Wiggily proudly. "I will mend your dress on a sewing machine, which the cocoanut monkey left on the ship. He left it here to sew up the rips in palm leaf fans, but it will sew up a hole in your dress just as well."

Of course, Jennie was much delighted at this, and she at once got out her dress to have it mended. And Uncle Wiggily put some gasoline in the sewing machine, or peppermint, or paregoric, or whatever has to be put in to make it run, and he got ready to go some stitching for Jennie.

And meanwhile Jimmie Wibblewobble was as busy as anything on the ship arranging for

his ice cream cone party. The goat gentleman, who made the cones, helped him, and so did Grandpa Goosey Gander, and the comical clam, and the red, white and blue sand flea, and everybody. That is, everybody but Uncle Wiggily, and he was busy sewing up the tear in Jennie Chipmunk's second best party dress.

Out on the deck the nice old gentleman rabbit took the sewing machine. He put some oil on it, tickled it under the wheel, put in a new needle so the music wouldn't sound scratchy—oh, I'm thinking of a phonograph, I guess. Anyhow, Uncle Wiggily made the sewing machine just right, and then began to work.

He was sewing away with the cocoanut monkey's sewing machine, and no one else was on deck, for they were all down stairs in the pantry, seeing if there were enough plates and spoons for the party.

All of a sudden there was a flopping noise out in the ocean, and right out of the sea there flopped a big, bad shark—not the hammer-headed one, but another one nearly as unpleasant. He was a shivery-ivery shark. Right up on deck the shark flopped himself, and he cried:

"Ah, ha! Now I have you, Uncle Wiggily!

I'm going to take you off to my den beneath the sad sea waves."

"Oh, don't do that!" begged Uncle Wiggily. "Please don't do that!"

"Indeed I will!" cried the shivery shark, savagely. "Come along!"

"At least let me finish sewing Jennie Chipmunk's dress, so she can go to Jimmie Wobble-wobble's party!" politely requested the rabbit gentleman. "I will leave it here for her, and then you can take me away, if you insist on being so cruel."

"That's just what I'll do," cried the shark. "I haven't had a rabbit stew in some time, and I'm going to have one to-night. Make haste. Finish the dress and come with me."

So Uncle Wiggily sewed up the rip in Jennie's dress, the shivery shark, meanwhile, looking curiously at the needle of the sewing machine as it did its funny little dance up and down through the cloth.

And then the rabbit gentleman thought of a plan to save himself from the shark. He looked at the tail of the bad fish and said:

"Oh, Mr. Shark! Your tail is ripped! Let me sew it up for you. It has a big tear in it!" And, really, it did look as though the shark's

tail was ripped. You know how a fish's tail is, sort of split down the middle. Well, Uncle Wiggily thought that split was a tear and he wanted to sew it.

"What! My tail ripped!" cried the surprised shark. "By all means sew it at once. I didn't know it was torn, and I have to go to a picnic to-morrow. Sew it up, and then I will carry you off."

So he flipped and he flopped his tail over on the sewing machine, and Uncle Wiggily began to sew the shark's tail, but, mind you, the rabbit gentleman was so foxy that he sewed the tail fast to the sewing machine, and before the shark knew it, or could cry out, there he was, with a heavy sewing machine made fast to his tail, and of course he couldn't jump overboard or swim, or even carry Uncle Wiggily off, or anything like that.

"Oh, let me go!" cried the shark, shivering very hard.

"I will if you promise not to hurt me," said Uncle Wiggily.

"I promise," said the shark. And then the rabbit gentleman ripped the stitches out of the fish's tail, overboard the shark flopped and Uncle Wiggily was safe.

Then it came time for Jimmie Wibble-wobble's ice cream cone party, and they all had a good time, and Jennie wore her second-best dress that Uncle Wiggily had mended, and they were all happy.

So, now, that's all at present, if you please, but in case the rain doesn't come in the parlor window and splash on the electric lamp, so that it makes a potato pancake of it, I'll tell you, in the next chapter, about Uncle Wiggily playing ball.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCLE WIGGILY PLAYS BALL

Two or three days after Jimmie Wibblewobble's party, when the ship, with Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander, and all their friends on board, was sailing on and on for the voyage around the world, two or three days after the party, I say, the comical clam, opening his two shells as widely as possible, remarked:

"Oh, I wish I had something to do."

"So do I," spoke Jimmie Wibblewobble. "I'd like to have another party—a popcorn ball one this time, instead of ice cream cones," and the duck boy looked at his yellow bill sort of crossways."

"Oh, popcorn balls! They would be lovely!" exclaimed Jennie Chipmunk, clapping her little paws, and knocking some dust down off the sail with her fluffy tail.

"Ah! but parties!" cried Grandfather Goosey Gander, coming up on deck just then to see if

there was any wind, or if he would have to whistle for some. "Two parties in one week would be too much. Can't you children think up some other game to play? Try now," he suggested.

So he walked up and down the deck of the ship, while Jennie and Jimmie, and the comical clam, tried to think of another way to have fun.

"Let's play Scotch-hop!" exclaimed the red, white and blue sand flea, who was very good at jumping.

"I guess you must mean hop Scotch," spoke Jimmie.

"It's much the same," replied the flea, "only one is backward, I forget which one. Anyhow, let's play it."

So with chalk they marked out the Scotch plaid squares on the deck and jumped from one to the other, and the flea and the cocoanut monkey had a race, and the flea won. Then up came Uncle Wiggily, and he wanted to play also, but his rheumatism hurt him so much just then that he couldn't hop even Italian, to say nothing of Scotch.

"But I can play ball," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I think a game of baseball on deck would be lovely fun."

They all thought the same thing, so Jimmie got out his baseball and a bat, and they began the game, with Grandpa Goosey to be the umpire—he's the one, you know, who tells whether a play is right or wrong, and what to do when you fall down and stub your toe.

Well, they were having a fine time, knocking the ball all over, and Jimmie made several runs, and so did Jennie Chipmunk, even if she was a girl, until it came Uncle Wiggily's turn to bat the ball.

"Here's where I knock one all the way across the ocean!" joyously cried the rabbit gentleman as he stepped up to the dinner plate, which was laid on the deck to mark the home base. And there was also a cup and saucer near it, in case anyone wanted a sip of tea.

Jimmie Wibblewobble was pitching, and he sent in a duck-bill curve, and a yellow corn teaser, and a web-footed fadeaway, besides a cabbage drop, and a watercress upshoot, to try and fool Uncle Wiggily, so he couldn't hit the ball.

But fool your Uncle Wiggily? Why, that's hard to do, as Jimmie soon found. He sent in a nice acorn curve, and Uncle Wiggily hit it with all his might.

Away sailed the ball, away out over the ocean, and everybody cried:

"A home run, Uncle Wiggily! A home run!"

"I'll do it!" cried the old rabbit gentleman, and he hopped along on his crutch as fast he could.

He got to the home dinner-plate safely, bringing in a run before Jillie Longtail, the little mousie boy, who was paying a visit to those on the ship, could swim out and get the ball, which had fallen into the water. And, just as the mousie reached the baseball, what should happen but that a big dogfish swam up and grabbed it away.

"Bring that ball back, if you please!" cried Jillie, the mousie boy.

"No, I want it to play with," barkingly replied the dogfish, and he held the ball so tightly in his teeth that the mousie boy dared not take it away from him, and so had to swim back to the ship without it.

"Oh, now we can't play ball any more," spoke Jennie Chipmunk, who liked the game very much.

"And it's all my fault," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Have you another ball, Jimmie? I'll not

bat it so hard next time. Have you another ball?"

"I have," answered the duck boy. "It is a brand-new one, and—well, I wouldn't like to see that one lost overboard."

"And indeed it shall not be," promised Uncle Wiggily. "Get the new ball, and I'll fix it so we won't lose it."

So Jimmie got his new ball, and what do you suppose Uncle Wiggily did? Why, he just tied a piece of fish line to the ball, and then, of course, when anybody knocked it with the bat the ball couldn't get lost. Even if it went into the water they could haul it out again by the string on it.

Well, the game went on, and it came Uncle Wiggily's turn to hit the ball again. Not to hit it to hurt it, you understand, but just to make it bounce.

"Whack!" went the ball, when Uncle Wiggily's bat hit it the second time, and once more it sailed away over the sea and splashed into the salty water.

"Shall I get it?" asked the mousie boy.

"No," spoke Uncle Wiggily; "I'll haul it in by the fish line as soon as I make a home run."

So he made the run around the teaspoon bases,

to the home dinner-plate, and then he began to pull in the ball.

"My, it pulls very hard!" the rabbit gentleman exclaimed. "Something must have hold of it!"

And, what do you think? Why, the dogfish had caught this new ball in his mouth, just as he had the other one! But this time he was not so lucky.

"Pull together, everybody!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and they all did pull, even including Grandpa Goosey. The dogfish kept tight hold of the ball, and finally they pulled him right up on deck, by means of the fish line, with the ball still in the fish's mouth.

"Give it up!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and the dogfish had to, and they even took the first ball away from him, so they had two baseballs to play with now, and the dogfish without any at all jumped overboard, hoping he could catch more. But he couldn't, for the next one that came close to going overboard was caught just in time by the comical clam.

So that's how Uncle Wiggily played ball, and nothing else happened except that the altogether-alligator tried to make a home run by knocking the codfish ball into the rice puding with his

scalery-ailery tail, but that didn't count, and the 'gator was put out.

And then Grandfather Goosey Gander treated everybody to strawberry lemonade with a straw in it, and they all went to bed. So, in the chapter after this, provided the man climbing up the church steeple doesn't crawl in one of the little windows and go to sleep in the sparrow's nest, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the drum-fish.

CHAPTER XX

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DRUMFISH

"WELL, where is Jimmie Wibblewobble this bright, beautiful morning?" asked Uncle Wiggily of Jennie Chipmunk, the day after the ball game, when the scalery alligator nearly made a home run by hitting the codfish ball. "Where is Jimmie?"

"I haven't seen him," spoke the squirrel girl, as she looked all around the deck of the ship to notice if the duck boy had gotten up yet. "But I think he will be on hand for breakfast."

"I dare say he will," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Jimmie doesn't miss much in the way of eating, and we have some fine cornmeal pancakes this morning. I know they are good for I made them myself, and, what is more, I tasted one myself. That is the surest way to tell."

"Oh, then I'll go knock on Jimmie's door, and tell him to hurry and dress," spoke Jennie.

So she hurried down the stairs of the ship to

call Jimmie, and, when she had knocked on his door with her little fluffy tail, she heard the duck boy, ask, in a most sad and forlorny voice:

"Who is there? Oh, dear, who is there?"

"My, whatever can be the matter with Jimmie, I wonder?" said Jennie. Then she called, "Oh, what has happened, Jimmie? Get right up at once and come to breakfast. Uncle Wiggily has made some cornmeal pancakes."

"Oh, I can't get up!" quacked Jimmie hoarsely, like an automobile horn with a big sliver in the rubber bulb.

"Why not?" asked Jennie.

"Because I am sick," answered Jimmie. "I have the German-mustard measles, I guess, or else the pipazootic, or the Mulagatawney mumps, which are nearly as bad. Oh, how miserable I am!"

"Wait; I'll call Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey," said Jennie. So she did, and the old gentleman goose, and the rabbit gentleman at once went to the little duck boy's cabin. They found him very sick, indeed.

They made him put out his tongue, and they felt of his yellow webbed feet, and they felt of his bill, and really that was quite warm, just like a cat's nose when pussy isn't feeling just right.

"I think he has watercress indigestion," said Grandpa Goosey Gander.

"No, I think it is the measley mumps," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "But we will give him all the different kinds of medicine we have in the ship, and some of them are sure to be good for what ails him."

"No bitter or sour medicines!" cried Jimmie. "I don't like 'em!"

"Yes, you must take bitter and sour medicine if it's needed," said Uncle Wiggily decidedly. "You know all medicine can't be sweet, like sugar, and often a bitter medicine does the most good. Now be a nice ducky, and take what we give you."

Well, they gave him everything they could find, but still Jimmie didn't get any better. He was, indeed, very sick, and they all felt sad about it, because they all liked him.

Uncle Wiggily tried everything, from mustard plasters down to oil made from one of the castors under the brass bed, but nothing did Jimmie any good, and they were thinking of turning the ship around, and sailing back for Dr. Possum.

Then, as Jimmie tossed and tossed on his bed, he cried out:

"Oh, if I only had my drum, so I could beat

it and play soldiers, I think I would be better. Please get my drum. My drum!"

"Poor little duck boy!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "He is very sick. He is getting out of his head."

"Maybe it would be a good thing, and would ease his mind, so that he would sleep, and get better, if we could find a drum for him," said Grandpa Goosey, slowly.

"Maybe," agreed Uncle Wiggily, so they looked all over the ship, but nothing like a drum could they find. They took a little pasteboard barrel, in which some ginger snaps had come, and tried to make a drum of that, and they also used a starch box, but neither would satisfy Jimmie. He just lay there in bed, calling for his nice Christmas drum, and that was far away.

"Oh, dear!" said Uncle Wiggily, as he went up on deck for a breath of air. "If I could only get Jimmie a drum!"

"What's that?" cried a voice down in the ocean, close to the ship. "Did you say a drum?"

"Yes, I did, indeed," replied the rabbit gentleman, and he told about sick Jimmie, and what the duck boy wanted.

"Perhaps I can help you," spoke the voice.

"Lower a basket to me on a string, and I'll try to assist you."

"But who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I am the drumfish," was the answer. "Haul me up, if you please, and you will see."

So Uncle Wiggily lowered the basket, and a curious fish jumped into it. And, no sooner was the fish out of water, than it began to swell up round, like an orange, and its skin became tight, and when the fish hit its sides with its fins, and tail, it made a nice, booming sound, just like a real drum.

"Oh, you're fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Will you be a drum for Jimmie?"

"Indeed, I will," replied the kind fish. "Only you must get some fluffy cotton, to put over my stickers, so I won't prick the sick boy."

For the fish, as he swelled out, was all covered with stickers, like a gooseberry. Well, Uncle Wiggily covered the sharp points with soft cotton, and then he took the fish down to the cabin where Jimmie was calling out loud:

"My drum! Oh, my drum! And my toy soldiers!" You see he was so ill that he didn't know what he was saying.

And then the kind drumfish began to drum on himself.

"Boom! Boom! Boomity-oomity-boom!" it drummed. Jimmie heard it. He grew quiet. He didn't toss from side to side any more. He listened to the booming of the drum, and he smiled. Then he said:

"Ah, my drum! They have brought my drum! And my toy soldiers too. Now I can go to sleep. Ah, my nice drum!"

"Boom! Boom! Boomity-oomity-boom!" drummed the fish, as he beat his blown-up sides with his fins. And then Jimmie Wibblewobble fell fast, fast asleep, and when he awakened he was all well, for his fever had gone away as he slumbered.

And the kind drumfish stayed on the ship all that night, and along about twelve o'clock the bad alligator—not the good one—tried to climb on board, but the drumfish beat his puffed-out sides so hard, and made such a racket, that the alligator thought it was a whole circus after him, and he dived down under the ocean and didn't bother any one for a week and seven days.

And Jimmie, as I said, got all better, and when the drumfish unblew himself, and swam away, everyone on the ship thanked him very much. For you know when a duck boy is sick, a little thing like thinking he has his own Christmas

drum and toy soldiers often makes him get well. So that's what Uncle Wiggily and the drumfish did for Jimmie.

And now, if the lady next door doesn't play her piano so hard that she knocks down my fence, and scares the ashman's horse chestnut so that it jumps into the waterpail, I'll tell you in the next chapter about Uncle Wiggily and the croquet game.

CHAPTER XXI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CROQUET GAME

ONE day the ship on which our Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander were sailing around the world in search of adventures, one day, I repeat, the vessel came to another little island. It was something like the one where they had gone ashore once before, the time the dogfish took the rabbit gentleman's glasses, only this island had pineapples growing on it instead of oranges.

"Let's all go ashore and get some pineapples," said the curly-tailed monkey. "I'll put on my gloves, and pick the apples off the trees for you, then no one will get stuck with the prickery-prickers."

"Tree!" cried Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, "pineapples don't grow on trees."

"No, indeed," spoke Jennie Chipmunk, as she tied a pink ribbon on her tail, and washed her little paws in the condensed milk can.

"No?" asked the monkey, surprised-like.

"Then, where do pineapples grow if not on trees, pray tell, if you will be so kind and condescending?" which means polite, you know.

"They grow on the ground," answered Jimmie, who had read about the pineapples in his arithmetic, where a man bought one for twenty-five cents and divided it among four boys. How much did each boy have? You know that example, I guess.

"Well, that's so much the better, if pineapples grow on the ground," said the monkey. "I won't have to climb any trees after them."

So they all went on the pineapple island, tying the ship fast to a big rock so that it wouldn't sail away. Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander walked on slowly, behind the others, who were soon busy picking pineapples.

"Ha! Hum!" suddenly exclaimed Grandpa Goosey. "It is so comfortable here I think I will lie down and take a nap under this rubber plant."

"I believe that would be a good plan," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Pick off some of the rubber leaves, and you will have a nice soft bed to lie on."

So the goose gentleman did this. And, just as he was dozing off, he sleepily asked·

"Aren't you going to take a little nap, too, Uncle Wiggily, while the others gather pineapples?"

"No, I think not," replied the rabbit gentleman. "I will walk along the shore, and see what is happening here on the island."

So he walked on, while Grandpa Goosey slept, and pretty soon the rabbit gentleman heard a little crying noise, down by a small green bush.

"Oh, please let me go!" cried a sad voice. "I never did anything to you. Please let me go!"

"Indeed that I will not do," said some one else in a harsh voice.

"Some one is in trouble," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if I can help them?" Uncle Wiggily always was that way, you know, wanting to help some one. So he looked behind the bush, and he saw a big snake, just going to eat up a little hedgehog boy—you know, a small porcupine chap, with stickery-ickery quills all over him. The hedgehog had rolled himself up into a little round ball, with his quills outside all sticking up, but the snake was going to pull the quills out, one by one, like pins from a cushion, before he ate the little chap.

"Oh, please let me alone!" begged the porcupine, for he was afraid to run away.

"No, I'm not going to let you go, and here goes for pulling out the first quill!" hissed the snake. And then Uncle Wiggily stepped up.

"You get away from that little hedgehog!" cried the rabbit gentleman, and taking a stick he shook it at the snake until the crawly creature was so frightened that he was glad to wiggle away.

"Oh, you saved my life, Uncle Wiggily," spoke the little hedgehog boy uncurling himself. "Some day I may be able to do you a favor."

"Pray do not mention it," politely said Uncle Wiggily, and he walked on, but he saw nothing more that would interest you. Pretty soon he went back to where the others were, and Grandpa Goosey had just awakened from his sleep. A great many pineapples had been picked, too.

"Oh, I know what I wish we could do!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, as she took up a club that looked like a croquet mallet. "I wish we could have a croquet game."

"So do I!" exclaimed Jimmie Wibblewobble. "We may not have another chance, and we can't play it on the ship as it wiggles so much. But here it would be fine."

"Well, there is no reason why you can't have a croquet game here," said Uncle Wiggily. "We'll take some twigs, bend them over in a curve, and stick them in the ground for the wire wickets. There are plenty of clubs for mallets. Of course we'll have a game."

So they got all ready for it, and then the comical clam cried out:

"Oh, but what will we do for croquet balls to knock about?"

"Use pineapples," said Uncle Wiggily. Well, they tried that, but they knocked all the juice out of the fruit, and it squirted all over every one, and after that the apples were so mushy that no one could make them roll through the wickets.

"Oh, I guess we can't play croquet after all!" said Jennie Chipmunk sorrowfully. "And I did so want a game."

"Yes, you can play, too!" cried a jolly little voice. "I will be a croquet ball for you, and so will my brothers and sisters. I'd do anything for Uncle Wiggily's friends, as he saved me from the snake."

And who should come running out of the bushes but the little hedgehog porcupine chap, and a whole lot of his relatives.

"Quick!" cried the porcupine to his brothers and sisters. "Roll yourselves into croquet balls so the game can go on." So they did, and the prickly quill stickers didn't matter at all. Oh, but Uncle Wiggily and his friends had a fine game; and Uncle Wiggily won, which was proper, of course.

And, when they were almost finished, what should happen but that a big black bear rushed out of the woods, and was going to bite every one. But Jimmie Wibblewobble saw the savage creature coming, and the brave duck-boy knocked a rolled-up croquet ball prickly hedgehog right on the end of the bear's soft and tender nose.

"Wow! Double wow! Yow!" howled the bear, as the stickery-ickers tickled him. "I've had enough!" and he ran away off in the woods and wasn't seen again for a week and a day.

Then Uncle Wiggily and his friends thanked the hedgehogs very much, and they gave the one who had landed on the bear's nose a penny for an ice cream cone, and they gave all the others one, too, so they wouldn't feel badly.

"Now let's get back to the ship, and sail some more!" cried Grandpa Goosey, and they did. What happened next I'll tell you in the next

chapter, when, in case the little girl with the yellow dress doesn't take the shutters off the house to slide down the porch railing with the roller skates, the story will be about Uncle Wiggily and the nice school teacher.

CHAPTER XXII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SCHOOL TEACHER

"WELL, what shall we do to-day?" asked Uncle Wiggily, the nice old gentleman rabbit, as he hopped out of his bunk on the sailing ship, and looked at Grandpa Goosey Gander over the top of his spectacles, which the bad dogfish once took. "Shall we look for an island where bananas grow, or one where there are ice cream cones hanging on the rose bushes?"

"I say ice cream cones!" cried joyous Jimmie Wibblewobble, who was just awakening in the next room.

"I do also," added Jennie Chipmunk, as she got ready to dust off the dishes for breakfast.

"Very well," replied Uncle Wiggily, "then we will sail on until we find that kind of an island."

So they sailed on and on, in the ship in which Uncle Wiggily and the others were going around the world in search of adventures and to lose the rabbit gentleman's rheumatism, and

pretty soon, in a little while, not so very long, they came to the island.

And, as true as I'm telling you, all the trees on that island had ice cream cones growing on them. Nice, big long cones, filled away up to the top with strawberry, and orange, and chocolate, and vanilla ice cream, and the best part of it was that the cream went away down in the little end of the cone, so that you had to eat every bit of it if you didn't want to miss any.

"Oh, tie the ship good and tight to this island," begged Jennie Chipmunk. "I want to stay here forever."

"So do I," added Jimmie Wibblewobble. "This is a fine place." And the comical clam, and the monkey, and the red, white and blue sand flea said the same thing.

So Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander tied the ship to a big stump of a tree on the island, and they all went ashore. Of course the young folks hurried off to pick ice cream cones from the trees. All you had to do was to pick them, and you didn't have to pay even a penny. Don't you wish you were on that island? I know I do, but it's not allowed for any one to go there except on New Year's day, and then it's too cold for most boys and girls to

eat ice cream. But Uncle Wiggily and his friends could go there as often as they liked. Bless you, yes!"

Well, while the others were getting ice cream cones, Uncle Wiggily went off for a walk by himself, and Grandpa Goosey Gander stretched out under a geranium blossom and went to sleep. And pretty soon, as Uncle Wiggily was walking along, he heard a voice asking:

"How much are two and one?"

"Two and one what?" inquired another voice.

"Two and one anything," said the first voice. "It does not make any difference what."

"Oh, yes, it does," was the answer. "If it's two oranges and one box of strawberries that's a fruit salad, and if it's two pennies and another one it's three cents. So you see!"

"Oh, I'll never get you boys to understand arithmetic!" exclaimed the first voice, and then Uncle Wiggily looked inside a hollow stump, and there he saw a nice lady-bug school teacher trying to teach some boy butterflies how to add numbers. But they couldn't seem to do it.

"How do you do?" spoke Uncle Wiggily, most politely, as he took off his tall hat, and made a low bow. "How are you?"

"Oh, how you frightened me!" cried the nice lady-bug school teacher. "Who are you?"

"Uncle Wiggily Longears," was the answer. "Our ship has stopped at this island to get some ice cream cones."

"Oh, I have heard of you, Uncle Wiggily," said the school teacher. "I am very glad to see you. I think I will dismiss my class and give you a few lessons, if you would like them."

"Indeed, I would," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I have not been to school in a long time, but I think I can answer some things."

"You may go, boys," spoke the lady-bug to the boy butterflies, "but be sure and be here to-morrow and study your lessons well."

"We will," they cried, and away they flew.

"Now," said the nice lady-bug school teacher, "I will ask you this, Uncle Wiggily: If you flew two miles away from your nest, and lost one of your rubbers, how many miles would you have to fly to buy an umbrella?"

"But I can't fly," replied the gentleman rabbit, "so I can't answer. Try me on a hopping question."

"Very well," replied the lady-bug teacher. "Now if you have to hop seven times to go to the

candy store, how many times do you have to hop to go to the grocery store?"

"Twice as far," spoke Uncle Wiggily.

"Wrong again," replied the lady-bug. "The answer is none at all, for there isn't any grocery store here."

"Oh, I see!" answered Uncle Wiggily. "But I don't think that's fair. You should have told me there was no grocery. Now let me ask you a question."

"I will," said the lady-bug. "Ask it."

"If you take two pieces of bread and butter and one head of lettuce, what have you?"

"Three," answered the teacher. "That's what I was trying to make the butterfly boys understand. Two and one are three."

"Wrong," said Uncle Wiggily, politely. "Two pieces of bread and butter and one head of lettuce make one lettuce sandwich, not three. Any rabbit knows that. Now I guess I will——"

"Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, me! Oh, my!" suddenly cried the nice school teacher. "Don't let him get me!"

"Who?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"That big blackbird," replied the lady-bug. "He's always wanting to eat me."

"Of course, I am!" cried the blackbird. "I'm very fond of you! I want to eat you! And I'll do it, too. Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home, your house is on fire and your children will burn."

"It's no such thing," answered the lady-bug. "My house is right here, and it isn't burning at all."

"Then I'm going to eat you, anyhow!" cried the blackbird, and he made a swoop with his wings, and he was just going to eat up the lady-bug school teacher, when Uncle Wiggily made a big jump, caught her up in his paws and hopped off toward the ship with her.

"Come back! Come back!" cried the blackbird, but Uncle Wiggily would do nothing of the sort, and on he hopped as fast as anything, thus saving the nice lady-bug school teacher from the bad bird. And the lady-bug was very glad not to be eaten, as almost any one would be. And Jennie Chipmunk gave the speckled insect an ice cream cone.

"Oh, you are very kind," said the lady-bug. "I think I will like it on this ship."

"Then, stay, by all means, and no bird will ever eat you," said the rabbit gentleman, so the

lady-bug stayed. And what happened after that will be related to you in the next chapter. When, in case the apple sauce doesn't boil over and burn the gas stove's legs, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and his lessons.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HIS LESSONS

"Oh, this is most delightful," exclaimed the lady-bug school teacher, as she sat on the deck of the ship, between Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, and Grandfather Goosey Gander, the goose gentleman. "Most delicious! I could sail like this forever!"

"Yes, we like it, too," said Uncle Wiggily. "We are sailing around the world, you know."

"To see what we can discover," added Grandpa Goosey. "Only we haven't discovered much yet."

"Oh, but you will, I'm sure you will," said the nice lady-bug school teacher. "Uncle Wiggily was so kind to save me from the blackbird, I'm sure you will discover something before very long."

Just then Jennie Chipmunk, Jimmie Wibble-wobble, the comical clam, and the red, white and

blue sand flea came up on deck, having been down in the pantry eating ginger cookies.

"That reminds me," spoke the lady-bug school teacher as she saw them, "do those animal children do any studying?"

"Why, no, you couldn't exactly say they did," replied Uncle Wiggily. "We thought this would be a sort of vacation for them, and that they needn't study."

"Oh, but it isn't quite time for vacations yet," said the lady-bug school teacher. "They must have some lessons. And so must you, Uncle Wiggily. I think I will give you all a few lessons, and then, if you pass your examinations, and can answer all the questions I ask you, I will give you all a vacation."

"What kind of lessons must I study?" asked Jennie Chipmunk.

"Dusting lessons," replied the lady-bug school teacher. "You must learn how to take the dust off bees' legs as well as off piano legs. So you may study that lesson," and the lady-bug handed Jennie the proper book to read from.

"And what shall I study?" asked Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, as he polished his yellow bill with sandpaper.

"You must learn how to quack more loudly,"

was the lady-bug's answer. "Here is the book. Study on page thirty-two."

So Jimmie began to study quacking as well as he could. And then the lady-bug school teacher had the comical clam study on how to make the best kind of chowder soup, and as for the red, white and blue flea, he had to practice jumping until he could hop over the gas chandelier and not touch the ceiling.

"Grandpa Goosey, I think I will have you study how to make cornmeal cakes," said the lady-bug, "and as for Uncle Wiggily, he must learn how to plant lettuce as well as how to eat it."

"Plant lettuce?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious-like.

"Yes," replied the lady-bug. "You must learn how to dig up the ground, and put the seeds in, and then cover them up and water them, and pull out the weeds. Oh, there are very many things to learn about lettuce."

"I think that is very true," replied the rabbit gentleman. "I will begin at once."

So they stopped at a little island, and got some boxes of earth in which the rabbit gentleman could plant the lettuce seeds. And Uncle Wig-

gily studied very hard at his lessons, as did all the others.

"In a few days I will give you an examination," said the lady-bug teacher, after a while.

"Is that something good to eat?" asked Jimmy.

"No, an examination is when I ask you a lot of questions, to see just how much you know," answered the lady-bug. So in a few days she held an examination.

She asked the comical clam about chowder, and he knew all there was to tell concerning it. And she listened to Jimmie Wibblewobble quack, and really he was as good as an automobile horn. And as for Jennie Chipmunk she could dust a whole piano, or a sideboard, so quickly that it would make water come into your eyes.

Grandpa Goosey did very well, too. He had to bake ten cornmeal cakes with his eyes shut, and he only burned one, which the lady-bug school teacher said was very well done, indeed.

"You will pass your examinations," she told the old gentleman goose. "And now I must see about Uncle Wiggily."

Well, the rabbit gentleman did not have it as easy as he thought he would. For you know it is

one thing to eat lettuce, or carrots, and quite another thing to make them grow after you have planted the seeds. But still Uncle Wiggily did very well.

"Now I must give you your examination," said the lady-bug school teacher to the rabbit gentleman. "That is, I must ask you a lot of questions, and you must answer them. Here are some sheets of paper and pencils. Sit down and answer the questions that I will write out for you."

So the rabbit gentleman sat down on the deck of the ship, in the shade of a sail, and he took his examination. He had to write out answers to many different questions, such as how many lettuce seed will make a head of cabbage, and how often you must water your garden, and when is the best time to eat carrot sandwiches for supper after dark.

Well, Uncle Wiggily had finished nearly all his lesson examinations, when, all of a sudden, there was a big noise in the duck pond ocean, and up jumped the big whale, and, standing on his tiptoes, with his head away up in the air, he roared out loud at the rabbit gentleman.

"Answer me this question as soon as you can!" cried the whale. "I want to know how

to keep from getting wet when I dive down under the water. Answer me that or I'll bang your ship all to pieces!"

"Oh, dear!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "This is a harder question than the lady-bug school teacher gave me. But I must answer it." So he sat nibbling on the end of his pencil, and he wiggled his ears and wrinkled his nose, the rabbit gentleman did, and finally he gave an answer as the whale waited to knock the ship apart.

"Take an umbrella and you won't get wet under water," said Uncle Wiggily to the whale.

"Right!" cried the big animal, and then, with a slap of his tail, he disappeared under the waves and didn't bother the rabbit gentleman any more that week.

Then the lady-bug school teacher came around, and she looked at Uncle Wiggily's answers to his garden-lesson examinations and she said:

"Oh, you have passed all right. You did very well. Now you may all have a vacation. You don't need to sail around the world any more to-day."

"Hurray!" cried Jennie Chipmunk, and Jimmie Wibblewobble said the same thing and so did the comical clam.

"Then let's go back home and I'll start on my vacation," spoke Uncle Wiggily, clapping his paws, and so the ship sailed back where it had started from and, in the next chapter, in case the seashore doesn't slide into the ocean and splash water on the circus elephant, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily digging a well.

CHAPTER XXIV

UNCLE WIGGILY DIGS A WELL

"OH, dear me, how glad I am that I'm on my vacation!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he hopped out of bed one beautiful sunshiny morning, and looked from the window to see if there was any sand left on the ocean beach.

There was, quite a bit of it, and Uncle Wiggily made up his mind that, as soon as he had had his breakfast, of boiled lettuce oatmeal, with orange sauce on, that he'd walk down to the water to see how wet it was.

You see the old gentleman rabbit was away from Grandpa Goosey Gander now, off by himself on his vacation from school, and he had gone down to the seashore to live in a funny little house called a bungalow.

A bungalow, you see, is a house so low that when you go to bed you hit your head on the ceiling, and when you get up in the morning you find that you've left everything you need most back home in the city, and you have to use your

collar button for a cake of soap, and wash your face in the bird's bathtub.

But, anyhow, Uncle Wiggily was real happy. He looked out of his window, at the hollow stump bungalow where he lived, and he saw the ocean waves beating carpets on the shore, and he hurried up with his breakfast so he could go down and hop on the sand.

"Let me see," spoke Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he jumped over a starfish that had gone to sleep from twinkling so late the night before. "What shall I do first? I rather wish Grandpa Goosey and Jimmie Wibblewobble, and some of the others were here with me now, so I could have some fun. But maybe I can amuse myself alone, and I'm sure that Sammie Littletail, or Johnnie or Billie Bushytail, will be down this way soon or later, for their schools have all closed."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped along on the sand, looking at the different kinds of shells and things like that, until pretty soon he came to a place where a whole lot of seaweed was piled up in a heap.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman to himself, "that will make a fine bed for me to sleep on when the sun gets too hot. I can make

me a little shelter of driftwood, with clamshells for the roof, and have a fine rest when I'm tired. I guess I'll just try it now, to see if the seaweed bed fits me."

So Uncle Wiggily stretched out on the weed, which is just like any other weed that grows in your back yard, only it is salty.

"This is certainly very fine," thought Uncle Wiggily, as he looked out across the ocean, and saw the waves bubbling up and down, like the water in the teakettle at supper time.

And it was so nice there, with the soothing sound of the waves, and the wind gently blowing, that, before he knew it, Uncle Wiggily was fast, fast asleep. And I think he snored just the least little bit. Mind, I'm not sure about that last part of it, but I think so. Anyhow, I know his nose twinkled, even in his sleep.

Well, now, watch out, for something is going to happen in about a minute, or maybe sooner.

All of a sudden, as the rabbit gentleman was gently sleeping away, on the seaweed bed, there came running over the sand an old sea-dog. Oh, but he was a fierce old sea-dog, though!

He had long, drooping ears, and a tail that could wiggle up and down as well as sideways, and his teeth! Oh, my! I don't like to speak

about his teeth, even though he did clean them every day, with a pine comb for a brush.

Yes, he was a bad sea-dog, and when he came pittering, pattering over the sand, and saw Uncle Wiggily asleep he looked at the rabbit gentleman and stuck out his tongue, so the sun could shine on it. Then the sea-dog exclaimed:

"Ah, ha! A fine dinner for me!"

So he went up to Uncle Wiggily, touched him with one paw, and remarked:

"Wake up, Mr. Rabbit, if you please. It's dinner time."

"What's that?" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Dinner time so soon! Why, I only had my breakfast, a little while ago. Dinner time? Impossible!"

"Not at all impossible," spoke the old sea-dog. "I have had no breakfast, and so I am going to eat breakfast and dinner together."

"Oh, you meant it was *your* dinner time; is that it?"

"Yes, it will be my dinner time, for I am going to eat you!" and with that the sea-dog grabbed hold of poor Uncle Wiggily and held him tight.

"Oh, let me go! Please let me go!" begged the rabbit gentleman. "I don't want to be eaten!"

"No matter!" exclaimed the bad sea-dog. "Here we go! All ready for dinner. I haven't any bell to ring, but no matter."

Well, he was just going to eat up Uncle Wiggily, when the old gentleman rabbit happened to think of a way he could save himself.

"Just one minute!" the rabbit gentleman said to the sea-dog. "I came down here on my vacation, to dig in the sand. This is my first morning at the beach, and I haven't dug a single bit yet. Before you eat me would you mind letting me dig just a little? I am a fine digger."

"Well, if you think it will do you any good," spoke the sea-dog, "go ahead and dig. But I'll eat you just the same when you have finished."

"Will you?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "Maybe, and maybe not. We'll see."

So the rabbit began digging. My! how fast his feet did scatter that sand about. Deeper and deeper he went digging through the beach sand, until, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily came to some water. He had dug a well, and that's what he intended to do all the while. Soon the well was full of water.

"Well," growled the sea-dog after a while, snapping his teeth, "have you dug enough, Mr. Rabbit?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Wiggily as he winked both eyes. "Just take a look at what I have dug, and then—well, I suppose you must have your dinner," and the rabbit gentleman sighed sadly.

"Of course!" growled the dog. "I'll eat you as soon as I see what you have dug." So he went to the edge of the well, to look down, and then, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily gave that bad sea-dog a push and sent him kerflop-ker-splash into the well dug in the sand.

"Oh, wow! Oh, hum suz dud! Oh, pony cart!" spluttered the sea-dog. "Let me out of this! Help me, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Indeed I will not!" exclaimed the rabbit. "If you are so impolite as to want to eat me for dinner, you must help yourself. That is what we do at our boarding-house," and with that the rabbit gentleman ran back to his bungalow leaving the sea-dog to get out of the sand-well as best he could.

And so Uncle Wiggily was saved, and the sea-dog got all wet, as served him right, and the story in the chapter after this will be about Uncle Wiggily and the fire cracker; that is if the milkman doesn't forget to leave us some lopsided lobsters to plant in the flower beds, to pinch the thorns off the roses.

CHAPTER XXV

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE FIRE CRACKERS

"HEIGH-HO!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit, as he awakened on the morning before the Fourth of July. "I wonder what I shall do to-day to celebrate this occasion? To-morrow is the anniversary of the day when they rang the liberty bell, and I ought to do something proper. I think I will eat my breakfast."

So he did, and very glad he was to get it, too, I do assure you. Then he thought of all that had happened to him of late, how he had gone sailing, and had come home again, and how he had driven the snake away from the poor little prickly hedgehog porcupine, and then Uncle Wiggily wondered if he would be able to do anyone a kindness the day before the Fourth of July.

"I must try, at any rate," he said, as he finished the last of his corn meal griddle cakes, and put some coacoanut juice on his breakfast orange.

So, after Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, had tied his necktie for him, Uncle Wiggily went out for a walk along the ocean beach, where he was spending his vacation. And, as he walked along he heard Roman candles going off, and pinwheels making a big noise. Oh, excuse me, if you please.

Of course he couldn't hear the pinwheels—at least they only make a sort of sissing noise. And, besides, they are only set off at night.

What I meant to say was that he heard cannons being fired, and torpedoes being shot off, and also firecrackers. For you see, down at this beach they still had a Fourth of July, with lots of noise, though only policemen were allowed to set off the fireworks, for fear, if boys and girls did it, that they might be burned, or hurt. And I think that's a good thing.

Not that boys and girls should be burned or hurt—oh, dear, no! Excuse me! But it is a good thing that policemen should always fire things off on Fourth of July, and the day before. Then no one would be harmed.

Anyhow, the policemen at the seashore beach were testing the fireworks, and firing off different things to see if they would work, ready for the next day. And Uncle Wiggily heard them. He

could see the sparks, too, even if it wasn't dark.

"Well, this is certainly a nice place to spend my vacation," the rabbit gentleman thought to himself. "I shall enjoy it here. It is not every one who can enjoy the ocean and Fourth of July at the same time."

Well, as he was walking along, all of a sudden he saw something red thrown out on the sandy beach. It rolled along a little way, and then came to a stop. A policeman had tossed it there, I guess.

"Ah, ha!" thought Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he looked at the object on the beach. "That is a red radish. Perhaps it has fallen off some vegetable wagon. If it has, I will pick it up, and give it back to the man. If he does not want it he may give it to me, and I will be glad to eat it for my dinner."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped along, looking for the vegetable wagon off which the red radish might have fallen, but he did not see it.

"Ah, well," the rabbit gentleman said to himself, "that is all right. I will have the radish for myself, and if, later, the man asks me about it, I will pay him."

So he picked up the radish, or at least what he thought was a radish, and he never noticed

that there was a string dangling from it, and that the string was smoking the least bit. You see, the rabbit was a bit excited about the Fourth of July, I guess, and so he didn't take particular notice.

Well, Uncle Wiggily was walking along, thinking how good the radish would taste, and he was holding it tightly in his paw, when, all of a sudden, he heard some one running behind him. He looked around, and who should it be but a bad old sea-dog, with his tongue sticking out, and his tail wagging, and his legs going as fast as they could.

"Oh, he's coming after me!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "He wants to catch me and take my radish away!" Then he hopped on as fast as he could, and the sea-dog ran on fast as he could go, too, calling out:

"Stop! Stop! Give it to me! Give it to me!"

"That's it! He wants the radish!" thought the rabbit. "Well, he'll not get it!"

Then he ran as fast as he could, hopping and skipping, and the dog barked and wagged his tail, and ran also.

Uncle Wiggily headed straight for the ocean, thinking he might fool the sea-dog, and make him jump in, and then the radish would be safe.

But, just as the rabbit gentleman was close to the water, he suddenly stumbled and fell over a clam shell.

"Ah, ha! Now I have you!" barked the sea-dog, running up. "Now I'll get that nice, red radish you found. I must have it!"

"No, you never will!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I'll eat it myself, first!"

So he got ready to eat what he thought was a radish, never noticing that it was really a firecracker, with the shooting string lighted. The sea-dog was running toward him, when, all at once some kind creature reached up from the sand and grabbed the firecracker away from Uncle Wiggily, taking it right out of the rabbit gentleman's jaws.

Then this same creature held the red firecracker out toward the dog, and, presto chango! All at once it exploded with a loud bang right in front of the sea-dog's nose, and he just jumped up in the air, gave a loud howl, turned a somersault, and ran home as fast as he could.

"Oh, my!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What happened to my radish?"

"It wasn't a radish," spoke a voice. "It was a red firecracker, but it looked like a radish. I held it in my claw, for I saw that it was just

going to shoot off, and I didn't want you to get hurt by it."

"And who are you, pray tell?" asked the rabbit gentleman, "that you can hold lighted firecrackers when they go off, and not mind them. Who are you?"

"I am a hard shell crab," was the answer. "Firecrackers cannot hurt me."

Saying which the hard crab threw into the ocean the exploded firecracker, and then he gave Uncle Wiggily an eel-grass sandwich, and the rabbit gentleman was very glad he had not held the firecracker in his paw when it went off.

Then he and the hard crab went to a moving-picture show and a Fourth of July lemonade party, where the lightning bugs made all the fireworks there were, and no one was burned, I'm glad to say.

So that's all until the next chapter, when, in case the nice hop-toad in our back yard doesn't jump into the hammock, and swing the rag doll until her hair falls off, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the lively lobster.

CHAPTER XXVI

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LIVELY LOBSTER

THE day after the hard crab had saved Uncle Wiggily from the firecracker, the old gentleman rabbit went for another walk along the ocean beach.

"For that is about the only thing I have to do here on my vacation," he said to himself, as he leaned over to get some sand out of his shoes. "And it is very nice down by the water, too; only I wish they would make lettuce candy here occasionally instead of salt water taffy."

So, he walked along the beach, thinking maybe he could find a place where the fishermen were making turnip caramels, or maybe carrot ice cream. But he didn't seem to find any.

But, as he walked along, he saw something wiggling in the water close to the shore, and he stopped to see what it was. It seemed to be a queer, greenish-colored sort of a fish, with long claws, bigger than a crab's, and it had a tail somewhat like the kind fishes have, only it could curl up.

"My! that is a queer specimen," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if that animal can come on land and talk to me. I'll ask."

So he did, and the animal stuck its head up out of water, and wiggling its whiskers, replied most-politely, in a high-priced, expensive sort of voice:

"Of course, I can come on shore."

"Then pray, do," invited Uncle Wiggily. "I should like to talk to you."

So with a flip and a flop of its tail the creature came out on the sand.

"Oh, now, I know you!" cried Uncle Wiggily, sort of happily-like. "You are a lobster! I met you down at Atlantic City."

"Yes, I am the lively lobster!" exclaimed the greenish colored creature with a crusty laugh that was real jolly. "And I was down at Atlantic City. But now I am here at Asbury Grove, which is very nice. Just let me show you how lively I am."

And with that the lively lobster flipped-flopped, and stood up on the end of his tail, and did all manner of queer things, even to clapping his claws together, while Uncle Wiggily looked on quite astonished.

"If you have nothing else to do," proposed

the rabbit gentleman after a bit, "suppose you and I take a walk together and perhaps we may find an adventure."

"Very good," agreed the lively lobster, as he turned a back somersault, and also one sideways. "I will come."

So the two animal friends walked on together, talking of many things, such as how much lollypops cost now to what they used to years ago, and how to keep the mosquitoes out of a bungalow, and how to make the ice cream cones melt slower, and all things like that.

All of a sudden, as they were talking about how many wheels there ought to be on a baby carriage, they came to a place where there was a big pile of sand. And no sooner had they reached it than out from behind it jumped two bad Sand Hoppers.

Sand Hoppers, you know, are queer animals that only hop in the sand, and they bite you if they get a chance, and carry you off to their dens. Not children—of course not. Who ever heard of such a thing? But the Sand Hoppers take animals, and maybe sponges, and lead pencils and cigar boxes and things like that, and carry them away to hide in the sand.

Anyhow, out from behind the sand pile

jumped these two Hoppers, and before Uncle Wiggily could do anything, one of them grabbed the rabbit gentleman, and the other grabbed the lively lobster.

"Quick now!" cried the biggest Sand Hopper. "Build a fire, hang a pot of water over it, and we will have stewed rabbit and boiled lobster for supper."

"All right," said the littlest Sand Hopper. "You hold them both, and I'll make the fire and put water over it to cook for supper."

So the big Sand Hopper held Uncle Wiggily and also the lively lobster, while the little Sand Hopper made the fire on the beach and hung two big tin cans over it for pots.

"Oh, let's try to get away!" cried Uncle Wiggily to the lobster.

"Of course we will try!" agreed the lively lobster. So they both tried but it was of no use. The big Sand Hopper held them too tightly in his paws, though Uncle Wiggily and the lively lobster both tried to use their claws or paws to get away.

Finally the small Sand Hopper said to the big one:

"The fire is ready now, and the water is hot. Let's put them in."

"Oh, dear!" cried poor Uncle Wiggily. "This is the end of us!"

"Oh, wow. Also double wow and some peppermint candy!" cried the lively lobster, trying to stand on the end of his tail.

Then the big Sand Hopper picked up the lobster and the rabbit gentleman, and walked over toward the fire with them, intending to toss them into the hot water pots. But the fire where he was going to cook the lobster was so hot that he could not get very near it. And he called out:

"I will toss the lobster over into that pot and he will soon be cooked. Then, by that time, the other fire will be cooler and I can go close enough to put in the rabbit, for he is quite a kicker."

"Good!" exclaimed the little Sand Hopper.

So the big Sand Hopper started to do this. He tossed the lively lobster toward the pot of hot water, and the creature with the big claws just touched the top cover of it. Then that lobster just showed how lively he could be. He made his tail go back and forth, like an electric fan, or like a propeller on a motorboat, and he just splashed that hot water, from the pot, all over the two bad Sand Hoppers.

"Wow!" cried the big one, as his nose was burned, and he dropped Uncle Wiggily.

"Double wow and some honey cakes!" cried the little one, as his ears were burned. Then they both began hopping over the sand to cool off and they also went down into the ocean.

"Now's our chance!" cried the lively lobster. "Run! Uncle Wiggily, run!"

And the rabbit gentleman and the lively lobster ran away from those Sand Hoppers as fast as they could run before the bad creatures' burns could cool off; and the lobster's tail was so bony that it wasn't burned a bit from the hot water.

But it was quite a while before the two Sand Hoppers could come out of the ocean. And when they did come out, of course Uncle Wiggily and the lively lobster were far, far away.

So the old gentleman rabbit was all right after all, you see. But, bless your heart! He had many more adventures after that! Uncle Wiggily Longears was always having adventures, it seems to me. And the next one he had was with some lemonade. A queer sort of object with which to have an adventure; wasn't it? But that only shows you what Uncle Wiggily Longears could do when he tried.

And so, if the dancing teacher doesn't make the rag doll walk on her toes over the nutmeg grater, tickling her feet and making her jump over the pudding stick, that is what the next story is going to be about—Uncle Wiggily and the lemonade.

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